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THE SPHERE, JUNE 6, 1931
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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXV. No. 1637 JUNE 6, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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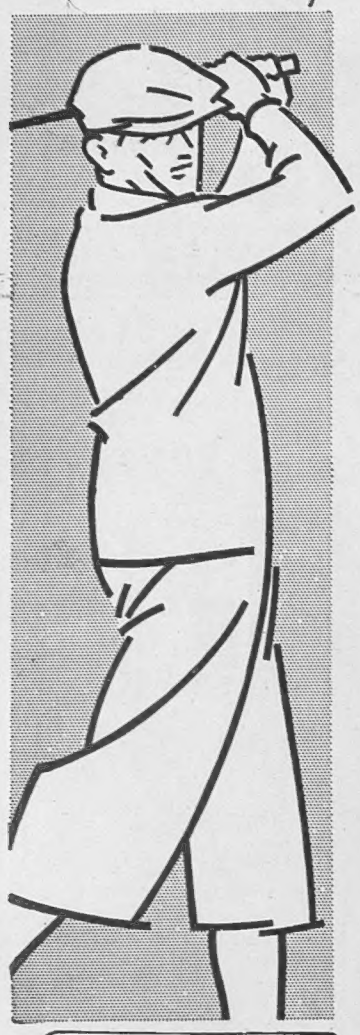

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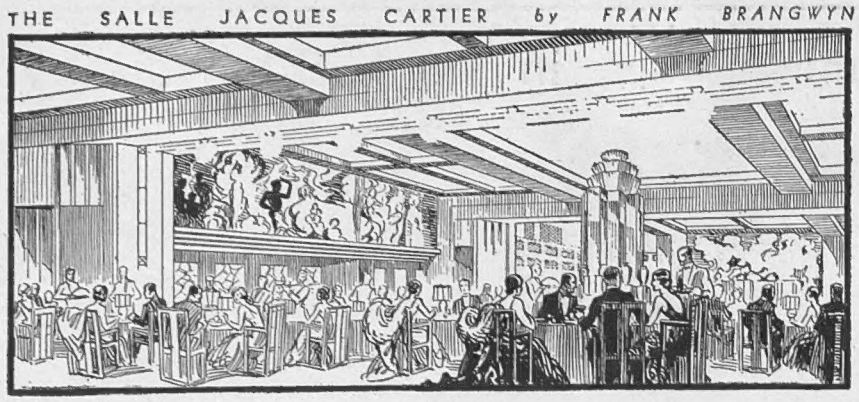

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Space for the Individual Passenger

Space to live! Space to play! that is the keynote of the "Empress of Britain," the Empire's gigantic new five-day Atlantic luxury ship. She is the only giantess liner with all outside rooms (called "apartments" because they're too big to be staterooms), and 70 per cent. of these apartments have private baths. World-famous artists designed and decorated her vast public rooms. She is the only ship with full-size tennis and full-size squash racquet courts and has the largest swimming-pool on any ship afloat. Per individual passenger, there are more tons of ship, more square feet of living and playing space, than on any other liner in the world.

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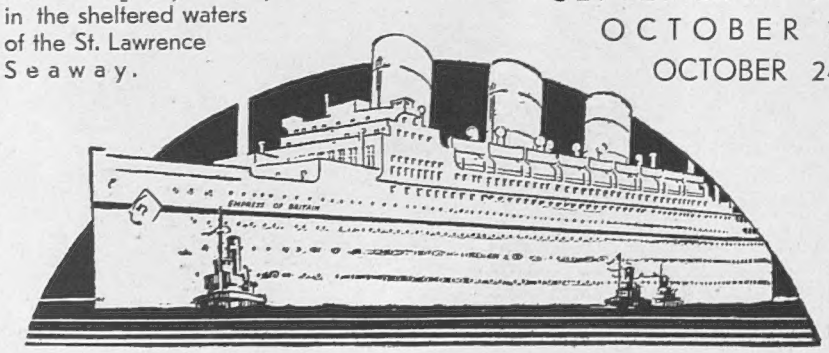

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Betty Bethune was born in June

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Freetoze Shoes for children are obtainable at most branches of the Dolcis Shoe Co. They are made from fine leathers by craftsmen who know exactly the requirements of the growing foot—natural shape, roomy fittings and perfect finish.

COLOURED PATENTS (*Left*).
An attractive and inexpensive children's Shoe for Summer wear in coloured patent leather with light coloured saddle. In green, red, beige and blue.

Sizes: 3—6 - **6/11** pair.
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STYLE 5608 (*Right*).
A new Freetoze Tan Willow Calf Bar Shoe with real Python trimming. An extremely smart model for walking.

Sizes: 7—10 - **8/11** pair.
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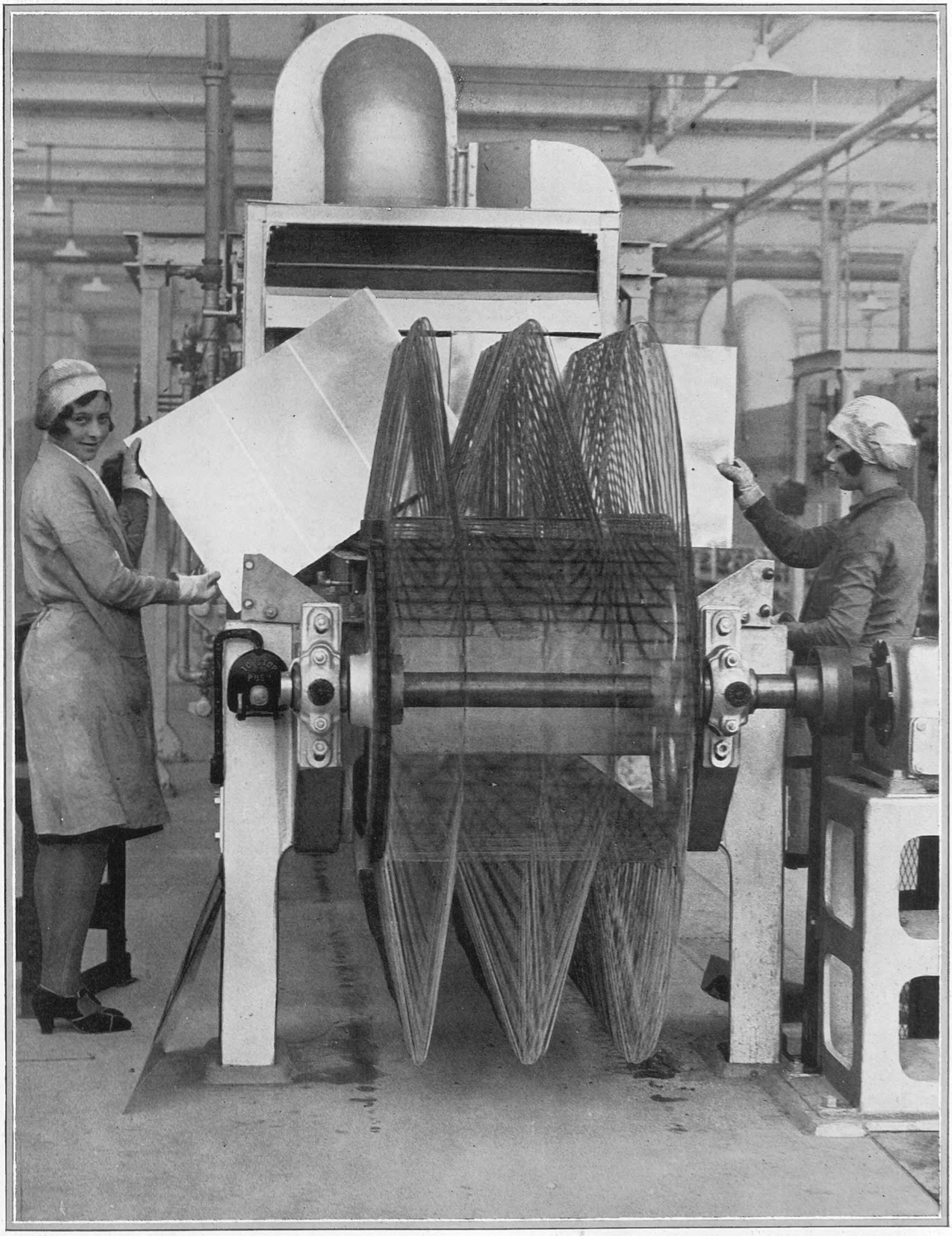
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly Volume CXXV No. 1637 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } London, June 6, 1931



BRITAIN'S CHALLENGE

To America's Canning Monopoly

The manufacture of 100,000,000 cans a year (to be devoted to the preservation of British produce), at the rate of 1,200 a minute, is the record of the firm of G. H. Williamson and Sons, Worcester (a branch of the Metal Box Company of London), whose factory has just been opened by Lord Cobham, Lord Lieutenant of the County. The machinery shown above is a conveyor like a gigantic toast-rack, in which sheets of tin are placed to be run through its various processes—lacquered, "stoved," and dried by hot air before being made into tins in the body-works. The foods canned in lacquered tins will keep untainted. The prosperity of Worcester, hitherto largely based on the old success of its porcelain industry, now bids fair to enjoy a definite renaissance.

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 3, 1931.

Derby Day.—I heard the oldest member of my club assuring a reluctant crony that Derby Day isn't what it was. It never is. Old Kate is dead and the prophets are dead. At any rate profits all the world over are vanishing, and we have made less fuss of Derby week than usual. Even the story of Hermit's Derby—that old chestnut—is at last *vieux jeu*. This day is called the Feast of Lucky Chance. He that wins through this day or comes home broke shall stand a-tiptoe when this day is named, and bless or curse the name of Derby Day. And say: These things I did on Epsom Downs. Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot, and Derby Day be still remembered. . . . Then shall their names, familiar in our ears as household words—Orpen, The Link Boy, Sandwich and Dolittle, Reveillon, Pomme d'Api and Goyescas, Sir Andrew, Cameronian and the rest, be in our flowing cups freshly remembered.

The Empire's Courage.—The C.P.R.'s *Empress*—in which I made my first visit to Canada in 1913—was of 15,000 tons, and a very distant relation to the new 45,000 ton wonder which has now deposited Doug. and Mary and many other stars on the soil of Canada. My old *Empress* did her job without spoiling her patrons. There were no ballrooms, or baths, or gyms, or cocktail bars, no Eastern lounges, Olympian pools, racket courts, or public pleasure parks. Our star passenger, I remember, was Sir Ian Hamilton, our only recreation deck quoits, and our sole means of taking exercise was quarter-decking. Round and round the solitary and narrow oval track walked the forty first-class passengers, and Sir Ian invariably outstayed all competitors. How differently one would employ the long hours of that five-day trip to-day, you doubtless learned in your telephone conversation with Captain Latta in mid-Atlantic last Thursday. To make the trip in the new *Empress* would be to live chapter by chapter the whole of Arnold Bennett's *Imperial Palace*. This new *Empress* is a living monument to the courage, the genius, and the optimism of the British Empire in the direst crisis in her proud history. She refuses to sit in gloom with folded hands. She chooses this psychological moment to reach out for that luxury traffic which somehow survives a world-wide slump, and when the clouds break, she may find her hands and her lap full. Let us pray that it be so. To put the crown on the magnificence of her send-off must have been very much to the taste of the Prince of Wales. He was quick to appreciate the significance of this Imperial gesture of confidence. £20,000,000 is the stake.

"Wolf, Wolf."—It is interesting to observe how, in times of acute pessimism, a little drop of poisonous rumour will soon taint a whole reservoir. There is to-day on every lip a saying (attributed now to Mr. Norman, now to Sir Josiah Stamp, and now to half-a-dozen other big men in industry or finance) that in 1932 we shall come to look on 1931 as a boom year. The saying is more likely the original creation of the idle brain of a stock-jobber's clerk. If Mr. Norman (etc.) thinks it, depend on't, he don't say it. He is more likely to take a leaf from the book of Mr. James Farrell, President of America's Foreign Trade Council, whose words of hope last week had an encouraging effect on both sides of the Atlantic. Ludendorff, on the other hand, does seem to have lost his grip. The Exchange Telegraph vouches for his having in Berlin announced for this very year a world war which will make the Great War of 1914–18 appear like a little brush with a handful of savages. German soil has been chosen as the setting and the war will be waged between France and her Continental Allies on one side and Russia, Italy, and apparently Britain on the other. I am not clear if Germany is to sit with folded hands while the affair is fought out in her territory. Poor Ludendorff, he has not mattered much for some years and he will not now make the flesh of a single schoolchild creep. Nevertheless the political situation in Europe to-day is a sufficiently close parallel to that which preceded the fatal year, 1914, to set all sorts and conditions of men on their guard against foolish cries of "Wolf, Wolf"!

The Gateshead By-Election.—A fortnight of intensive and sometimes bitter electioneering is reaching its crisis at Gateshead in a straight fight between Conservative and Labour. For several reasons I regard Gateshead as the most important of recent by-elections. The main issue is by agreement the fiscal one. The Conservative candidate has declared his view that the present financial crisis is not as others in our history, and demands a reversal of our present trade system, whereby high import duties protect every country's trade but our own. The decision of Colonel Headlam to stand for Gateshead is the best proof of the importance attached to this trial of strength. Gateshead is a Labour stronghold, and Colonel Headlam is a famous stormer of strongholds. He won and held Barnard Castle under very similar conditions of distress and bitterness. The Durham miners know and respect him as a man who is not afraid to tell them the truth, however unpalatable. Indeed, Colonel Headlam, who made a name for himself as Financial Secretary to the Admiralty under Mr. Baldwin's last administration, had long since been returned in some safe suburban seat, if he had not invariably spoken his mind to local Conservative organizations on such questions as "guarantees" to subscribe to local institutions, and all the rest of the petty and parochial obsessions to which undue prominence is given in the search for a candidate. The Durham miners know Mrs. Headlam too; she if anyone has, has delivered the goods and displayed a devotion and a humanity which stand above party and personal considertions. So Barnard Castle has lent its candidate and former member to Gateshead, and Gateshead is invited to give a lead to England in these dark and dubious days. It is to hear the truth uncompromisingly revealed, and to have a chance to reject the tinsel and tinfoil of election promises, and to choose the leaden casket. Colonel Headlam knows as well as you or I that it doesn't pay to tell the unpleasant truth; but somehow it slips out when he speaks, and accordingly I should welcome him back in the House, for I think he has bravely stood out against the shams and meanness of politics, and the cowardice and snobbery of parties.

Risking Life.—The stories of Mr. Courtauld and MM. Piccard and Kipfer are inspiring reading. These men took their lives in their hands and staked them in the cause of science. Their adventures equal in sheer courage anything that has been achieved in records of fortitude. To many of us the scientific results which they set out to secure appear at first sight to afford advantages to the race too oblique and doubtful to justify the risks taken by pioneers or rescue parties. But we are prepared to take their objectives on trust and to accord them the fullest honours reserved to the brave. And while they were at their tasks, nearer home, to wit on Surrey main roads, dozens of human lives were sacrificed to the recklessness or blind selfishness of charabanc and car drivers. Here on these roads, still *terra incognita* to Mr. Morrison's mobile police (who haven't yet found a way out of the country towns and villages), ply scores of car drivers who delight in risking not their own worthless lives only but those of sensible, useful citizens. Vanity, impatience, brutish selfishness and indiscipline are the motive forces which drive these juggernauts on their course of destruction. For every life which is sacrificed in the cause of knowledge, a thousand are lost through criminal selfishness and stupidity. For sanity and safety, I prefer Greenland to Guildford every time.

The Confidence Trick.—If honest men had fewer polite little weaknesses thieves would not so often come to their own. Trading almost entirely on a weakness which Colonial visitors to this country too often display, gangs of confidence men make an annual gross profit of about £200,000. That weakness is an extraordinary (and not inexplicable) form of snobbery, the desire to show that they have "made good" and are men of substance. In the bars of that Valhalla of Empire, the dingy Strand, bluff and hearty visitors from the outposts delight in revealing the contents of their "wallets" to any friendly stranger who will offer them a glad hand and a drink. They will fall into any little scheme to prove *bonâ fide* by confiding the aforesaid wallet to the keeping of a silent third party, who in a fit of absentmindedness often disappears round the corner never to return. Or they will cheerfully draw out their balances to contribute to a get-rich-quick scheme that is literally *guilt*-edged. Now, we love our Empire visitors and have not the least wish to restrain them from leaving their money in the Old Country. But we would much rather they left it in the hands of honest traders who still largely outnumber the flash strangers of the Bars and Shades. Therefore, we urge them to be friendly, but not too friendly, and remind them that over here the sight of a wad of Bradburys goes like champagne to our weak heads.

Tips.—My caption is topical of Derby month, but it attracts only to deceive. I refer to another sort of tip—that gratuity business which still remains England's pain and shame. I was impressed by Sir G. F.'s letter last week in the *Times*, and I wish his example might be widely followed in country houses. He has definitely forbidden by written notices the bestowal of tips by guests in his house. He has rightly judged that this bad old practice, which had its origin in the days of patronage and class-barriers, is now as embarrassing to the giver as it is degrading to the beneficiary. Moreover, the system is basically unjust, since the tips go only to those servants who come in direct contact with the guests, e.g. the cook, who can make or mar the "week-end," gets nothing. The only way to kill the custom is Sir G. F.'s, a method followed by two or three of my own friends. Human nature is frail and a voluntary box for keepers or servants has time and again proved to be a receptacle for sixpences and trouser buttons. The host must stand the shot in private houses. But in hotels, hairdressers, etc, the continental system of a gratuity percentage is perfectly feasible. There is not a patron or an employé (except the head waiters of luxury restaurants) who would not welcome its introduction. If democracy has any pride, let it use its present power to sweep away this insulting relic of the "bad old days of aristocracy."

THE ORGANIZED MIX-UP: £2,789,696 was subscribed to the Irish Sweepstake, of which £1,900,544 goes in prizes and £697,424 to the hospitals. There are 19 firsts, seconds, and thirds. England has so far won 395 (over 60 per cent.) prizes; the U.S.A., 55; Scotland, 44; the Free State, 36; South Africa, 22; Canada, 15; Northern Ireland, 10; Wales, 9; France, 6; Malta, 4; India, 4; and many other lands with 2 and 1. There are 3,800 consolation prizes. The draw was opened by Lord Powerscourt

Surprises.—For some years we have grown accustomed to the loss of what should be the chief element in our great sporting events—uncertainty of the issue. In golf, we have grown to expect that Bobby Jones would take the "Open," that Helen Wills or Lenglen before her would win the Women's Lawn Tennis Singles and that Tilden or one of the Frenchmen would take the Men's Singles. Cambridge, of course, would beat Oxford in all the popular events, and Eton, as surely, would wipe the floor with Harrow. Even in county cricket and big football, the top-dogs have been all too few and all too long lived. This year there are welcome signs that open events need no longer belie their name. Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden and Helen Wills, much as we shall miss their charming persons, will no longer obscure our view of the body of competitors. Our own young players are coming on and the open and the tennis finals this year will be anybody's games. So too, the county cricket championship. Kent and Gloucester have been showing how the game should be played—with an eye on the saner method of scoring, and there are likely to be surprises right up to the end of the season. All these expectations are very encouraging. One gets so tired of seeing the favourites always win, except in that one sport where it is customary to put a trifle on.

A Dream Garden.—Every year the English summer provides one week of pure enchantment. It comes usually in May, sometimes earlier, sometimes later, according to the vagaries of Spring. It is that moment when the foliage is full but still vivid, when the chestnuts have lit up all their candles, when the azaleas in their new glory meet the departing tulips. Last week was such a week and I am glad to have taken the opportunity afforded by the Nursing Association Gardens Scheme to see under ideal conditions the "perfect" little Tudor House and Garden. This is Great Tangley Manor, now Sir Frederick Ponsonby's country house. Formerly a hunting lodge of King John's, it lies under St. Martha's Chapel and the Pilgrim's way. A tiny moated manor house, much of it built in 1581, it presents a perfect front of carved woodwork and diamond-paned windows to a little court of mown grass surrounded by a loop-holed wall gay with rock plants. Each loop-hole reveals a new vista of delight; through one you see a little oval lake crimson with the shadows of over-hanging mays, through another a pool purple with iris, through a third a dell aflame with a hundred varieties of azalea. A mown grass path separates the old wall from the square moat which is traversed now by a tile-roofed passage way leading to the house, now by a wooden bridge. Four hundred years ago this little gem was a haven of dreams and peace from the stormy life of cities and courts, and such it is to-day, as remote, as simple, as peaceful, as in the days of Elizabeth.

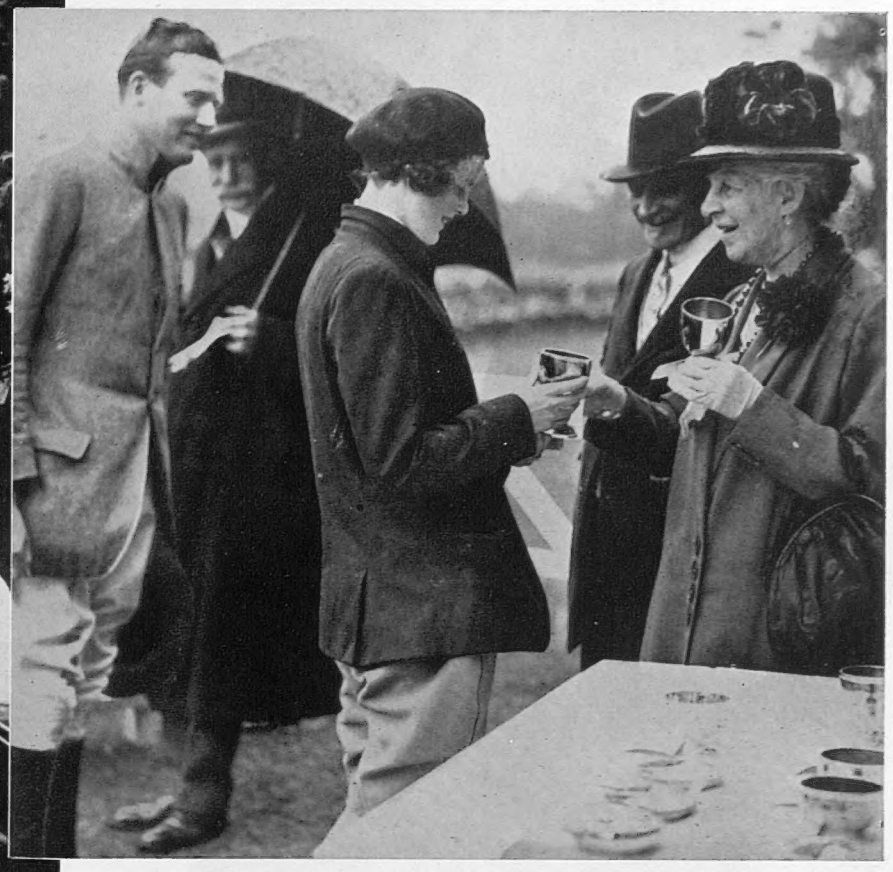
A Wonderful Art Show.—Charity nowadays is tempered to the shorn lamb. You hardly know you are being charitable when there is a dazzling fortune at the other end or a rare artistic opportunity inside the pay barrier. This last is now available at the Dorchester. The show is in aid of the East London Hospital for Children—I know no more compelling cause—and the works of art brought together are enough to make your mouth water. There is, *imprimis*, a unique collection of old Sheffield Plate from 1740, and wonderful old glass. Of plate there is the Wolsey Cup (1496) and the Blacksmith Cup (1655). There are historic beds and chairs, furniture, china, porcelain, and embroidery, mostly collected from private owners. Don't miss it. It's open till June 18, including Sunday afternoons.

THE OLD STAGER.

SOCIETY and the SEASON

A Quartette of Social Activities

THE FIRST MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB which took place at the Magazine, Hyde Park, at the end of last month. Above are seen Mr. Arthur Corbett, Mrs. Arthur Drew, and little Miss Julien Browhill on the box before the start



PRIZES AT RANELAGH: Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Morrison receive from Lady Duckworth the trophies they won during one of the great events at the famous club—the Ladies' Mounted Sports, held last Saturday

TRAFFIC HELD UP: A constable keeps the way clear for the bridesmaids at the wedding of Mr. Eric W. Loyd and Miss Isabel M. B. Parker at Brompton Oratory

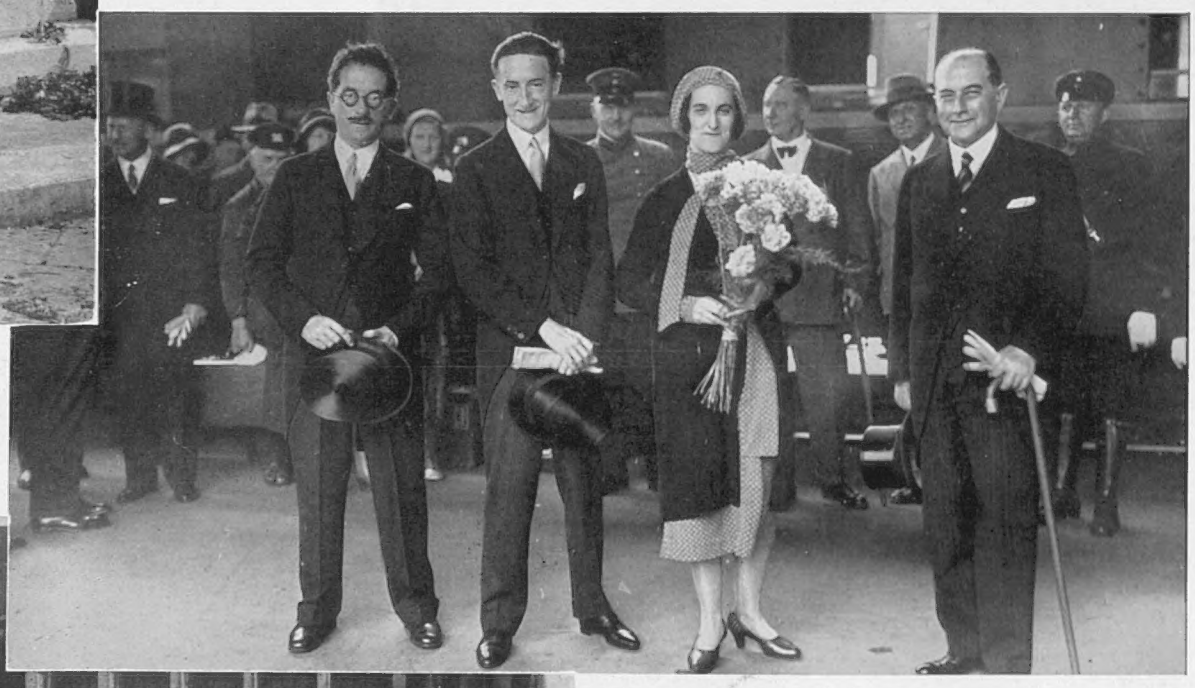
AT THE KING'S LEVEE: A group of Hussars leave St. James's Palace after attending the last Levee of the year—held on Monday last

JOAN of ARC

The Rouen Celebrations and Other Foreign News of the Week

THE GREAT GIPSY CELEBRATION: The scene at Camargue whither the Zigeuners of Europe trek for the celebration of St. Marie. Three holy women, says tradition, were set adrift, sailless and oarless, from Palestine, and landed at Camargue in Provence. There they lived a devout and pious life and there they died. Their servant, Sarah, has been adopted as the patron saint of the nomadic gipsies and the annual religious celebrations of St. Marie included Masses in honour of Sarah

THE WOMAN AND THE STATUE: The new image of St. Joan of Arc in Rouen, beside which stands Mlle Gisele Brabant who, last Sunday, enacted the rôle of the great French patriot in the Quincentennial Celebrations



REPRESENTING SWEEPSTAKE LAND IN BERLIN: Dr. MacGilligan, Foreign Secretary of the Irish Free State, and Mrs. MacGilligan stand between Secretary of State Walshe and Dr. Curtius on their arrival in Berlin

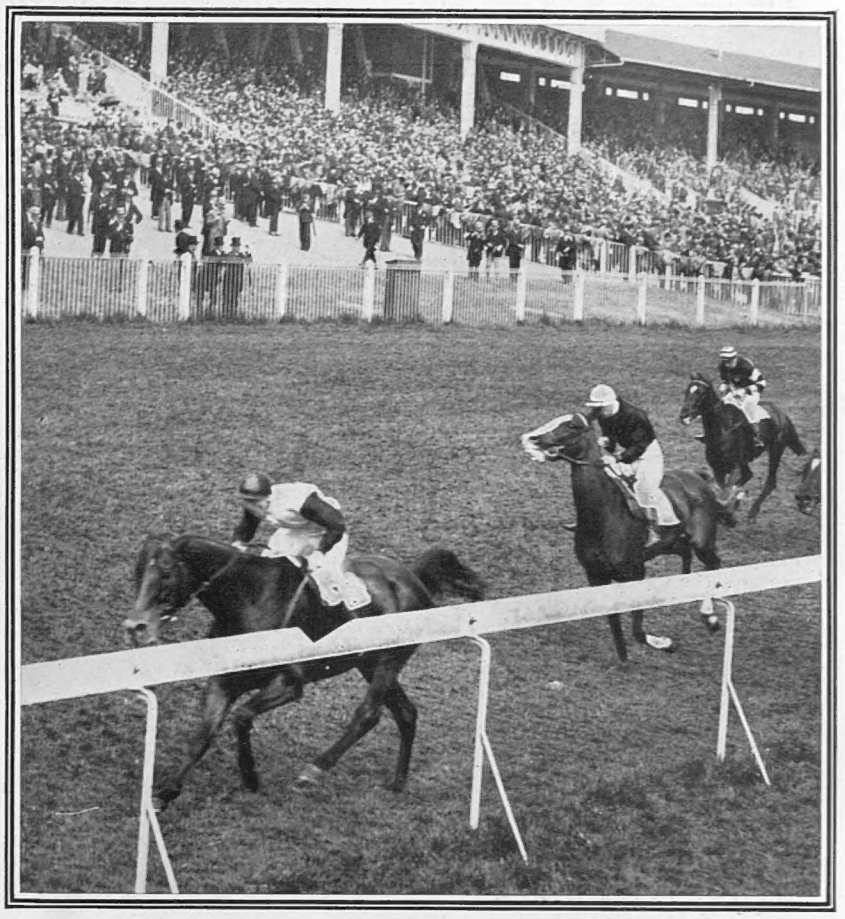
ROUEN TURNS BACK 500 YEARS: The scene in the great market place, where Joan was burned on May 31 of 1431, when the preparations for the celebrations made it seem a barracks of the fifteenth century. As at Orleans in 1930, the quincentennial of the relief of which was celebrated, so at Rome this year great Joan of Arc celebrations are en règle

THE GOLDEN BOOK in which the names of subscribers to the new Church of St. Joan at Rouen are inscribed. The book was encased in the foundation-stone laid last Sunday

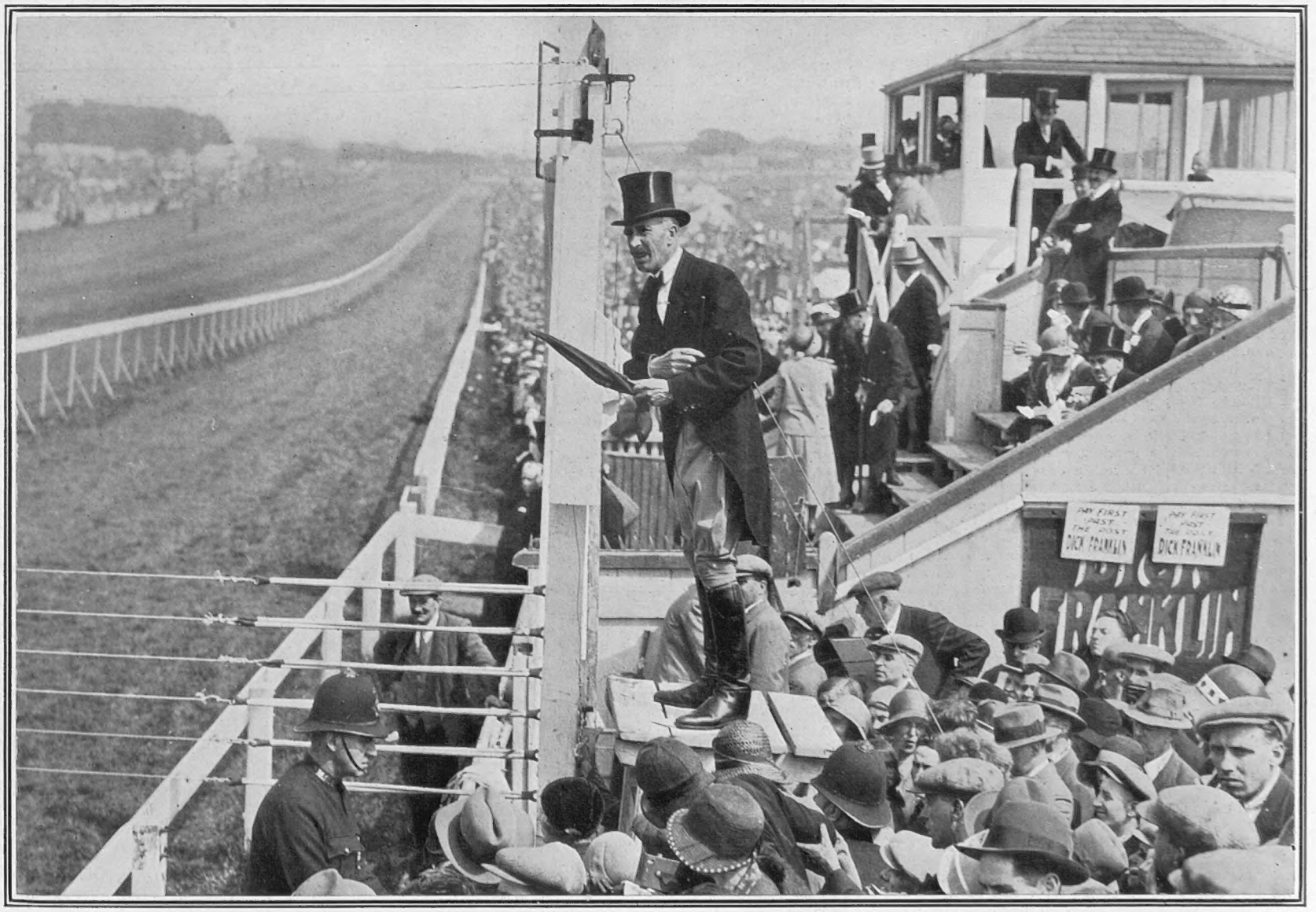
EPSOM : The Cynosure of the World's Eyes

Personalities and Actualities on the First Day

PERSONALITIES AT EPSOM: The Hon. Monica Sherriff, Lady Warrender, and Mr. H. A. Brown seen on the first day of the Derby Meeting This year's Derby was run on the King's birthday



THE NEW RACE · The finish of the Rosebery Memorial Stakes (inaugurated this year and run over the 2¼ miles of the Great Metropolitan course) won by Joyous Greeting (C. Richards up)



THE STARTER: Captain Allison, who started the Derby, is seen above preparing to give "the off" at the new race inaugurated this year in memory of the late Lord Rosebery, and known as the Rosebery Memorial Stakes—a handicap of 2¼ miles run over the Great Metropolitan course

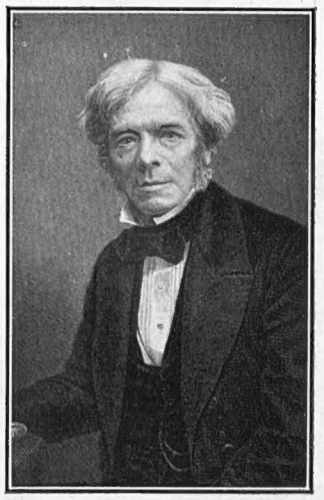
Actual pictures of the Derby Race appear on pp. 436-7, in the centre of the paper

One Hundred Years of Electricity

The Faraday Centenary Year

Now that Electricity is so Integral a Part of Modern Life, it is Interesting, on the Centenary of the First Experiments, to Compare the Lilliput of Yesterday with the Brobdignag of To-day

By J. A. LAW



THE FATHER OF ELECTRICITY: Michael Faraday, F.R.S., D.C.L.

On August 29, 1831, there was made in the laboratory of the Royal Institution of Great Britain the first of a short series of experiments destined to lead, through a multitude of inventions utilizing the knowledge so derived, from the almost entire absence of the practical use of electricity of that day to the present highly developed employment of electricity for practical purposes. The experimenter was Michael Faraday, who has been called "the greatest of all experimental philosophers," and it has been well said that in those ten days of experiments, extending from August 29 to November 4, he "unravelled all the essential features of electro-magnetic induction."

Three of these experiments are of especial interest and will now be very shortly described.

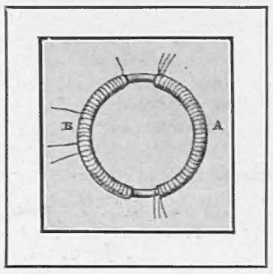
The first of these experiments showed that when an electric current was sent through one of two coils of covered wire wound on different parts of a ring of soft iron, a momentary current was caused to pass through (induced in) the other coil, first at the starting of the current through the first mentioned coil, and secondly, in the opposite direction, on the stopping of the current in that coil; the ends of the coil in which the current was induced were connected to a galvanometer which was so much affected that the needle whirled round four or five times in succession, showing that a considerable current was passing. The apparatus of this experiment may be regarded as the forerunner of all transformers and induction coils.

In the second of the three experiments, a straight permanent bar magnet had one end just inserted into a long coil of wire connected at its ends to a galvanometer and the bar was then quickly inserted further into the coil and withdrawn; the galvanometer needle moved in one direction on the insertion, and in the opposite direction on the retraction of the magnet, showing that currents were induced in the coil in opposite directions by opposite movements of the magnet. The operation employed in this experiment would now be regarded as an ordinary solenoid operation. In the third of these experiments, which took place on the ninth of the experimental days, October 26, Faraday rotated a copper disc between the poles of a horseshoe magnet, and found that the needle of a galvanometer, connected on the one hand with the edge of the disc between the poles and on the other hand with the centre of the disc, was caused to rotate in one direction by the rotation of the disc in one direction and in the opposite direction by the rotation of the disc in the reverse direction, showing that currents flowed in opposite directions through the disc and its connections with the galvanometer. The apparatus constructed as just described was the first dynamo-electric generator.

In the paper by Faraday read on November 24, 1831, before the Royal Society, he showed by means of these experiments that to produce an induced electric current in a conductor it was necessary only to cause the conductor to cut appropriately what he called "magnetic curves," by which he meant lines such as those that are formed by iron filings strewn over a sheet of paper placed close to the poles of a magnet and gently tapped—such lines are usually now called "lines of magnetic force." All the generators now used for the mechanical production of electric currents for technical purposes are based on this principle.

These experiments may appear very simple, and the actual apparatus with which they were carried out was of very simple construction, as may be seen from the actual pieces of apparatus which are preserved as treasures by the Royal Institution; but to appreciate in some measure the genius displayed by Faraday it should be borne in mind that before carrying out the experiments he had, by his consideration of the meagre knowledge of electrical induction and magnetic induction previously existing, evolved theories which the experiments were devised to test and which the experiments proved to be correct.

It is almost out of the question that a man of Faraday's mental calibre would not appreciate, when he made these fundamental discoveries, that an immense amount of money could be made out of them by their application to practical purposes. It is indeed fairly clear that he did appreciate this opportunity of acquiring a fortune but preferred to devote his time to further discoveries in pure science; for in 1831, the year of the great experiments, he wrote: "I have rather been desirous of discovering new facts and new relations dependent on magneto-electric induction, than in exalting the force of those already obtained; being assured that the latter would find their full development hereafter."



EARLIEST—The first induction coil

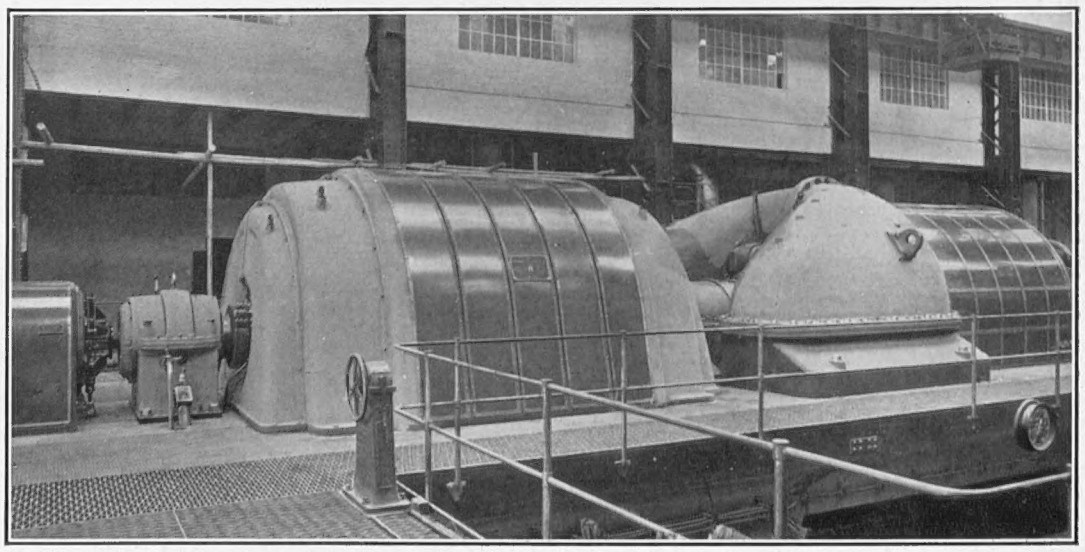
The "latter" did indeed find development thereafter. One of the early practical developments of the mechanical production by magnetic means of an electric current was the electric illumination of lighthouses; experiments in this direction were supervised by Faraday himself on behalf of Trinity House; the experiments commenced in 1853 and continued for some years. In 1862 electric lighting of an English lighthouse, Dungeness, was permanently established, and ten years later Grisnez and the South Foreland lighthouses were provided with powerful electric arc-lamps. Commercial dynamo-electric generators (usually now called "dynamos") for the production of electric currents by mechanical power came into use about 1866, largely owing to the inventions of Siemens, Wilde, and Gramme. The propulsion of vehicles on rails by current supplied thereto from a distance came into use about 1882. In 1873 it had been discovered that a Gramme dynamo would act as a motor if supplied with suitable current; and this gave rise to the idea of the driving of electric motors situated where the work was to be done from distant points where the electric current for driving them could be conveniently generated by mechanical means. This idea has now developed into the vast national scheme that is being carried out for generating and distributing electricity for industrial and domestic purposes, among which may be mentioned electric lighting, electro-plating, electric welding and cutting, the illumination of neon, helium, and similar advertisement signs, the operation of electric lifts and escalators, the driving of agricultural machines, heating, cooking, refrigerating, laundry work, the operation of vacuum cleaners, floor polishers, dish-washing machines, electric fans, and sewing machines, wireless reception and gramophone reproduction, and X-ray, ultra-violet, and other electro-therapeutic treatments. Telegraphy and telephony owe much to the electro-magnetic researches of Faraday.

Wonderful as have been the results of Faraday's electro-magnetic discoveries, his reputation by no means rests solely on them. Another of his discoveries that would have been quite enough in itself to have made him celebrated was that of benzine, which may be regarded as the basis of the great modern aniline dye industry; again, his discovery of "specific inductive capacity" has been important in relation to submarine telegraphy; and of his theory in regard to the nature of light set forth in his *Thoughts on Ray Vibrations*, Professor Clerk Maxwell, in his classical *Dynamical Theory of the Electro-magnetic Field*, says: "The electro-magnetic theory of light, as proposed by him, is the same in substance as that which I have begun to develop in this paper, except that in 1846 there were no data to calculate the velocity of propagation." The value placed on this theory to-day may be estimated from the fact that Professor Einstein, in his lecture at Oxford on May 23 of this year, said that he regarded the Faraday-Maxwell theory as a first approximation to the truth, and that future work might consist in adding terms of the second and higher degree to the old formulæ. The achievements of Michael Faraday will be the better appreciated on taking into consideration his humble origin and the rudimentary nature of his education.

Though born on September 22, 1791, in South London, he was the son of Yorkshire parents and his father was a journeyman blacksmith. When he was five years old the family removed to Jacob's Well Mews, in the neighbourhood of Manchester Square, and while there his education was, as he himself says, "of the most ordinary description, consisting of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic at a common day-school." At the age of thirteen he went as an errand-boy to a bookseller's in Blandford Street, where it was his duty to carry round newspapers on loan; and the following year his master apprenticed him as a bookbinder and stationer—without premium, in "consideration of his faithful service." His attention was attracted to science by the article, "Electricity," in an encyclopædia that he was employed to bind. About the same time he attended some lectures on natural philosophy for which his brother Robert provided some, at any rate, of the money. A customer of his employer's gave him tickets for the last four lectures of Sir Humphry Davy at the Royal Institution; of these he made notes and afterwards wrote out the lectures more fully and sent them to Davy "as a proof of my earnestness" and with a request that he would enable him to leave trade and pursue science. This led, through Davy's kindness, to his engagement as chemical assistant to the Royal Institution, his connection with which in various capacities, chiefly as professor, lasted until 1865. During this period he was loaded with scientific honours from all countries, but he refused the Presidency of the Royal Institution and also the Presidency of the Royal Society—the highest honour British science was capable of bestowing.

His friends and biographers bear testimony to the nobleness of his character, to his faithful industry, to his power of imagination, and to his enthusiasm and energy, as to which Dr. Bence Jones, an intimate friend and for several years secretary of the Royal Institution, said that it was "a life-long lasting strife to seek and say that which he thought was true, and to do that which he thought was kind."

Faraday died on August 26, 1868. The principles enunciated by him are so universally applied in modern electrical apparatus that, as in St. Paul's for a monument of Wren, so in the modern electrical world for a monument of Faraday, one may appropriately be directed to "Look Around."



By courtesy of the G.E.C.

AND LATEST: One of the latest sets for electrical production—a G.E.C. Fraser and Chalmers turbo-alternator at Hams Hall Power Station

TEN MILES HIGH

The Aerial Epic of Professor Piccard

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: The envelope of the balloon undergoing inflation at Augsburg. Hydrogen gas was used as, despite its inflammability, helium is not sufficiently light to sustain weight in the upper air.

THE HERO OF THE FLIGHT: Professor and Mme Piccard with two of their children. The Professor remarked, *á propos* a suggested further flight, that, as a family man, he doubted if he were justified in running again so grave a risk

THE BALLOON THAT SAILED IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF BLUE: The balloon is folded up after landing on the Gurgl Glacier in Tyrol. *Inset above* is the rescue party on the Gurgl Glacier, standing by the vacated and deflated balloon

It is rare that so dramatic a reversal of expectation has been witnessed as the adventure of MM. Piccard and Kipfer, who beat all altitude records in a curious hydrogen-filled balloon with an air-tight aluminium gondola. Last autumn the balloon, it was stated, could not ascend. This spring, it was again stated, the balloon could not descend. But it is now an established fact that these daring pioneers of the stratosphere ascended ten miles into space and travelled from Augsburg to Gurgl (Tyrol) safely. Experiments were undertaken (the results of which will soon be published) in connection with cosmic rays, and observations were also made as to the constitution of the upper air. A modification of oxygen—ozone whose formula is O—was found to be prevalent, tinging the entire atmosphere with a vivid shade of blue. The journey was fraught with danger owing to the rapidity of the ascent and the lentor of the descent and the consequent shortage of the liquid oxygen on which life was sustained. Slight damage was done to one of the valves which entailed more difficulties. On his return to earth, M. Piccard stated that he might undertake a further strato-spherical flight in the autumn, but, owing to his responsibilities as a family man, it was doubtful as he had considerably underrated the dangers of the just completed enterprise.

The HISTORICAL NOTE of the ROYAL TOURNAMENT

AN OFFICER OF 1801: A Napoleonic hat worn with a cockade characterized the uniform of the 28th Foot at Alexandria, March 21, 1801

A DRUMMER OF 1801: The tall head-gear of the 28th Foot at Alexandria. *On left* is a drummer of 1758 with the mitred head-gear worn by the 61st Foot at that period

One great feature of the Royal Tournament is to be found in the fact that the men selected to represent various periods seem actually to reincarnate veritable types of those periods as judged from contemporary pictures—as exemplified in the three pictures reproduced above

Special "Sphere" pictures

THE DRUMS OF 1758: The imposing "musick" of the days of Wolfe. *Inset in circle on left* is a thrilling incident in the history of the 61st at Salamanca, July 22, 1812. Six reliefs of officers and sergeants were shot at Quatre Bras while carrying the colours until at last Privates Coulson and Crawford bore them to victory. Together with the 11th Foot, the 61st, firing volleys and cheering, drove back the French from three successive positions and helped to restore the situation after a successful French counter-attack. The strength of the regiment was reduced during the action from twenty-seven officers and 420 men to three officers and seventy-eight men. The historical display is performed by the 2nd Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment

THE DRUMS OF THE PIKEMEN OF 1690. A feature of the tournament enacted by the Royal Marines

In connection with the picture on the left, it is interesting to find that a warrant of King Charles I directs the careful revival of the march "as it was through the negligence and carelessness of drummers, so altered and changed from the antient gravitie and majestic thereof, as it was in danger utterly to have been lost and forgotten"

"The ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drums" are mentioned by Shakespeare among the circumstances of war. One Ralph Smith about this period writes that "All Captains must have drommes and phiphes, and men to use the same, who should be faithful, secret, yngenious, of able personage to use their instruments and office, of sundrie language, for often tymes they are sent to parlie with their enemies, to summon their fforts and townes, to reddeme and conducte prisoners, and diverse other messages, which of necessitie require languages."

SOCIETY *Without a* CENTRE

France in the Seasonal Weeks of May and June

By "THE SPHERE" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN PARIS

To your Paris Correspondent a few days' visit to London at the beginning of the Season awakened such throbbing memories of his first parties in the dim ages of 1921, when Thelma, Audrey, Joan, Paulise, and how many other heartbreaking damsels helped him to eat ices at Lord's, go racing at Ascot, watch the polo at Ranelagh, and breakfast at Thame after Commem. Balls, that it was only by craft that the Editor recalled him to duty back in Paris. "Of course," the Editor said to the ceiling, "there *is* the Paris season—ices to eat at the Chantilly races, polo at Bagatelle—write and tell me about it."

I suppose that if you had to explain the "Season" to a visitor from Mars your answers would depend on whether you were Mr. Charles Garvice, Mr. Michael Arlen, the manager of Harridges' catering department, the Lord Chamberlain, or a member of that publicity agency called the "Bright Young People," which has, I understand, completely superseded that once flourishing Edwardian secret society, the "Smart Set." But these well-placed observers would have a far easier task in describing London Society than I have with Paris, for whatever their differing points of view they would all be describing sets of people whose activities radiated with greater or lesser closeness from the foundation of the British Commonwealth—His Most Gracious Majesty's Person. The thread that links up the Brigade of Guards, Ascot, the Eton and Harrow Match, and the ball given by a marchioness last week is the Court.

Paris Society, on the other hand, has no central point of focus, but rather a few great families of the aristocracy gather round them certain sections of the *beau monde*, a few great bankers or industrialists gather certain other sections, and political Paris is again another and somewhat isolated point of focus. These sections intermingle to some extent chiefly through the receptions given by the different embassies, but never to the extent realized in the receptions given by the more prominent London hostesses, where the landed aristocracy, industrialists, soldiers, sailors, statesmen, lawyers, editors, authors, and artists meet—loyal subjects of His Majesty—passing a pleasant evening in relaxation. Literary and artistic people, like André Maurois and Marcel Proust, are amongst the few who mingle with all sets in Paris.

The *jeune fille débutante* comes up with her mother to Paris from their country *château* for two months about the beginning of May to begin a round of dinner-parties and private dances amongst her mother's friends in the *quartier* St. Germain. If she gets up early and rides in the Bois between seven and nine she will meet the officers of the Paris garrison cantering along its green alleys; but most of the *jeunes filles* are to be seen out with their riding-masters between nine and eleven. From eleven to twelve appear mostly those who ride for show, and spend a good time with their horses tethered while they sip port (which is drunk as an *apéritif* in France) at the Pavillon Chinois or the Cascade. Our *débutante* will make strenuous efforts to be asked to the annual party known as the *soirée à l'étrier*, given by the riding-club in the Bois near the Porte Dauphine. She will also hope that her mother is a friend of M. Melier who, in his small private ring in the rue Bénouville near the Bois, gives an amateur circus followed by a ball every summer. The more frequently that she is seen dining at the Polo Club the more will she be the envy of those who may only have succeeded in being invited to watch the polo matches which take place every Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Throughout the season many garden parties are given by those who have *châteaux* within easy reach of Paris. A few families, chosen at random, round whom Paris Society revolves are the three Rothschilds—who last year held a "Rothschild week" in which each gave a party—the Duc de Doudeauville, Comte Pecci-Blunt, Marquis de Noailles, Comte Cahen d'Anvers, and the Marquise de Crussol, in whose salon politicians frequently meet. As in London, there are many charity balls organized and patronized by benevolent ladies of position. Although the Paris Opera puts in a few special performances with international celebrities, our *débutante* has nothing to compare with the Covent Garden season in solid musical value or in social gatherings.

A social institution which is the haunt of the smart *jeune fille* during the summer is the Tir aux Pigeons club in the Bois, where all day long the intermittent crack of rifles follows the release of a pigeon from a basket. I admit that there is no logic in my mind, for whereas I will cheerfully spend a day on horseback in the open watching hounds at work, I feel the shooting down of a tame pigeon (an easy mark as it flutters for a moment half-dazzled by its sudden release from darkness), to be a most unpleasant form of amusement, and no credit to the most beautiful city in Europe.

The zenith of the Paris season is the Grande Semaine at the end of June. This is the week of all the big races at Auteuil and Longchamps, of the Polo finals and Garden Party at Bagatelle, of the President's Garden Party at the Élysée (although no one really gets very excited about this), of the Bal du Grand Prix at the Opera (organized by the Paris Municipal Council and the Racing Committee), and of the Prix des Drags—this the former rallying point of many coaches and four, now alas! sees but two or three. This year Mlle 1931 will find herself in very smart company at the Davis Cup finals in June.

A pleasing feature of Paris society is the absence of that product of snobbishness, the woman who sells her social position to the girl who can pay to be introduced into "Society."

This recital shows that the functions of the Paris Season do not in themselves differ so greatly from our own. The essential differences between London and Parisian society lie in the social atmosphere.

Generalisations always get one into trouble, and I offer a few with diffidence, wishing it to be remembered on both sides of the Channel that they are the friendly observations of one who considers himself a guest amongst the French people, from whose hands he has received a welcoming hospitality, and for whom he has great admiration and affection.

On the whole, then, the vital difference between British society and French is that the strength of the former lies in its preoccupation with public life and its ready acceptance of and recruitment from all the social strata of the realm. Far from being haughtily exclusive, His Majesty may call to the orders of chivalry anyone who has rendered signal service to the State, and such a person soon finds his level amongst people worth knowing. Moreover, after the Reform Bill of 1832, the great families of the Kingdom, deprived of their monopoly in vast fields of administration and patronage, did not retire in self-commiseration to their country houses disdainful of the common herd which thenceforward began to take an increasing share in public life. On the contrary, they "flung themselves boldly into all the competitions of English life," observes the historian, Lecky, "and retrieved by energy and worth a great part of the ascendancy of which they had been deprived by law."

A FOCAL POINT OF PARISIAN SOCIETY: Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador

For a variety of historical reasons the aristocratic section of French society takes almost no active part in public life. It is an ironical reflection that this originates probably not so much in the French Revolution as in the centralizing activities of Louis XIII, who, through Richelieu, steadily divorced the aristocracy from their duties, and left them privilege without responsibility. When to the irresponsible attitude of mind thus gradually brought about the social consequences of the French Revolution are added, the absence of the spirit of leadership and public service is largely explained. The French royalist aristocrats of to-day form a caste which draws no recruits from new enterprising families; instead of flinging themselves into all the competitions of French life, they do not even realize to what extent they are out of touch with the aspirations of the nation; their minds are half-fixed on the glories of their past and on dreams of restoring the monarchy; they cannot recognize the fact that the majority of Frenchmen are Republicans of the Centre and Left. Even if the King came back to-morrow they are doing next to nothing to train themselves in the art of leadership in government (central or local), diplomacy, or the army. Their reply to such suggestions is that French public life is a cynically dirty game with which they do not care to be associated. And so it is likely to remain unless those who deplore this go in and set the example of playing the game as it ought to be played. At their best they are the most charming, cultured company in the world: at their worst an exclusive mutual admiration society. Since the War, the tradition which barred the old aristocracy from business has broken down, and that section of society in which are found the French business leaders—men of the *bourgeoisie* as well as scions of the old families—contains some of the finest types of Frenchmen who combine the highest business capabilities with a breadth of view and charm of manner too rarely attained in their British opposite numbers. It is a joy and a privilege to have met such men as René Duchemin (president of the French Federation of Industries), Henri de Peyerimhof de Fontenelle (president of the central committee of coal owners), Louis Brégnet (president of the Aeroplane Manufacturers' Association), amongst the older generation, and Philippe Davey as an example of the younger. Here is a new aristocracy, forming from amongst men who *do* things, which enables France to carry on her grand tradition as the focus of continental culture and progress.

RIDING IN THE BOIS is one of the great pastimes of the Parisian *débutante*. They ride early to meet the military—from 9–11 to meet the riding set and, later, only to be admired by the *beau monde* and to drink port as an *apéritif*

CHINA ANCIENT AND MODERN: A scene outside a railway station. The mule is gradually being superseded by the car (one wheel of which is seen on extreme right) and the rooster will march peacefully for little longer in the streets soon to be aswarm with petrol-driven vehicles

CHINA *forges* AHEAD

China's Wheelbarrow Civilization is Doomed. Motor Roads in Great Numbers are Penetrating the Hinterland of Cathay, Opening Vast Areas to Trade and Driving Camel Caravans and Carrier Coolies from Ancient Trails.

By GROVER CLARK

Late last summer, probably for the first time in history, a vehicle with more than one wheel crossed the ridge which separates the south-eastern part of Shansi province in China from the main central plain. That vehicle was a small touring car. It was carrying the Commissioner of Reconstruction of the province, an engineer trained in the United States and England, whose energy and determination to improve communications had resulted in the building of a motor road over this pass, where before there had been nothing but a narrow trail for only pedestrians, wheelbarrows, camels, and mules.

The construction of that new 200-mile motor road down into this previously rich but isolated part of Shansi province was a development of prime importance in the opening up of the region to trade and other contacts with the outside world. It created new markets for goods from outside and new opportunities for the people who lived there to sell their products at better prices.

The trip from the provincial capital to Tzechow, at the end of the new road, used to take nine days—three of them walking or on mules. Now two days of easy riding in a comfortable bus are sufficient. Cart and mule hire, inn bills for overnight stops, etc., formerly made the trip cost from £3 10s. to £4 a person, even in parties of four or five, and one who chose to walk all the way, carrying his own baggage, could not well do it for less than £1 or £1 5s. Now one can go by bus for £1 a person in much greater comfort and in a week less.

Last spring it cost close to half-a-crown a ton mile to have any sort of freight moved out of or into this section. Now the cost, by motor truck, is between 2½d. and 3d.

For last spring's shearing of wool, of which a good deal is produced in this section, the farmers got from 2½d. and 3d. a pound, though buyers at the railhead were paying from 8d. to 9d. The difference was mainly eaten up by transportation costs. And, despite this huge outlay for transportation, the freighters by mule and camel and wheelbarrow barely made a living.

This spring the farmers got 5d. and 6d. a pound for their wool—the buyers at the railhead paid from 7d.–8d.—and the motor freighting companies made big profits, even after paying heavy taxes to the provincial government.

When I was down that way last December first-class anthracite coal could be bought at the open-cut mines for less than 1s. a ton. Yet along the railway into Shansi province poorer quality coal, even at the pit-mouth, cost 6s. a ton—and freighting of coal over the new motor road to the railway already had started. This suggests something of what one motor road in one province has made possible in the opening up of the vast country. Parallel results have followed road building in other provinces.

Ten years ago a start was made on the immense job of getting enough motor roads for China. In 1921 there were only about 700 miles of such roads, and they were mostly in the big cities. At the beginning of 1930, according to estimates by the American Trade Commissioner at Shanghai, there were more than 35,000 miles.

There is almost exactly one motor-car for every mile of motor road now—22,000 passenger cars and 13,000 trucks and buses. The trucks and buses are increasing much more rapidly in number than the passenger cars—there are 150 per cent. more trucks and buses in operation now than there were two years ago; during that same period there has been an increase of only 32 per cent. in passenger cars. And most of this truck and bus increase has come in the increased use of motor transportation outside of the principal cities—tapping vast areas which for many centuries have been isolated by lack of communications.

The automobiles are doing more than taking business away from the camel caravans. They are reducing the necessity of building expensive railway lines to reach the remoter sections. China now has some 7,000 miles of railways, forming the main trunk lines of what can be an effective transportation system when peace is restored and funds are available for restoring the roads to shape and for building a comparatively few more miles. Eventually, of course, many additional thousands of miles of railways will be needed; but for the present and for some years to come it will be economical and reasonably satisfactory to extend and improve the motor-road system rather than to build more railways. China, in fact, may be able to omit altogether the huge expense of vast railway building which other lands have had. She may be able to skip directly from the "wheelbarrow civilization" stage to the motor-car stage.

Already the new motor roads have opened up vast important areas. Urga, in far Mongolia, is within four days by motor of the railway at Kalgan—instead of three weeks by horse. Lanchow, in far Kansu, can be reached in four days where formerly it took three weeks by cart or nearly three months by camel. Jehol is within a long day's drive of Peking, instead of a week's trip by cart.

So it goes—and this spring a fleet of motor-cars started out from Kalgan to pioneer a new route into far Chinese Turkestan which will cut the time of the trip from six months required by camel to some fifteen days.

The cost of transportation is materially reduced, to every one's benefit. Before the motor-bus service from Sian to Lanchow was started, German beer cost in Lanchow about £1 a bottle. It was counted a great delicacy, and was served only at official banquets in honour of specially distinguished guests—and then served warm in small Chinese cups. After the buses started running, the same beer could be bought in Lanchow for 5s. a bottle. Furthermore, wool cloth from Lanchow—an especially good quality—cost £1 a yard in Sian (when you could get it) before the buses came, and about 2s. 6d. a yard now.

I might cite many other illustrations. The opening up of motor communications not only materially reduces the cost and time of transportation for both passengers and freight, it also makes possible the movement of goods which could not be shipped profitably when only carts or camels or men's backs were available. For example:

Kweichow is a mountainous province cut up into small valleys. Each little valley has been more or less of a world in itself, producing what it needed and exporting and importing little. Transportation costs were virtually prohibitive. Nothing could be moved over the rough mountain trails—the only roads available—except on men's backs. A man would eat during the trip out twice as much wheat as he could carry. Opium was the only product of the land that was sufficiently valuable in small bulk to make export profitable. So the Kweichow people grew opium for export.

Then, three years ago, the energetic young governor got the idea of building a motor road to connect his capital with the Yangtse River to the north. He called in the American chief engineer of the China International Famine Relief Commission. Plans were discussed and surveys made. The governor put his soldiers to work. He also got the school children enthusiastic over road building, and promised banners to the schools which made the best record in this work. For a while more than 200,000 people were at work on the roads at once—about half soldiers and half schoolboys and girls working in relays. It was a stirring sight to see those sons and daughters of the gentry and officials shovelling dirt along the highway. They were doing more than getting a road made; they were upsetting immemorial traditions concerning the "degradation" of manual labour.

Three hundred miles of motor road were built in 1927-28. More have been built since. Now, thanks to these roads and the buses and trucks running on them, wheat and minerals are coming out to the Yangtse River from Kweichow, and the people are growing more wheat and less opium because this is profitable. Moreover, Kweichow is getting to be a real market for American oil, tobacco and other products, as well as British and Japanese cloth.

It was during the famine of 1920-21 that road building in China got its first big start. The American Red Cross went in to help relieve the famine. It opened soup kitchens. Then the men in charge, notably J. E. Baker, realized that the famine victims could be saved from pauperization if they were given a chance to earn their relief food by working on roads. "Red Cross Roads" were built in Shantung, Chihli (now Hopei) and Shansi provinces.

These proved very satisfactory and of great value to every one. The idea spread. Provincial governments and groups of villages built roads to improve communications and open up trade opportunities. Military commanders built them to make it easier to move their troops and supplies. Private bus companies built them because they had made so much money operating on existent roads that they wanted to extend the service. A National Highways Association was formed, under distinguished auspices, to push the road-building idea. The net result of all this was that, in spite of the political and military disturbances (in part because of them, since military roads were built as part of the activities of the troops) the motor-road mileage increased rapidly.

Building these roads, especially on the flat plains, is a very simple matter. Some shovels, some heavy blocks of stone for tamping, a little cement for making occasional culverts are about all the equipment needed. An old cart road, in most cases, forms the line of the new motor road, with the twistings somewhat straightened out by the simple expedient of cutting across the fields. Soldiers or neighbouring villagers—sometimes hired, but frequently commandeered by the authorities—get to work with their shovels. Dirt is piled up in the centre, packed down, smoothed over a bit—and there the road is.

Such a road needs constant attention to be kept in shape, of course. Sometimes the roads get this attention; sometimes they do not. If they are kept up, they serve excellently except in the very rainiest weather; if they are not, they soon go to pieces, especially if the old narrow-tyred carts are not rigorously kept off. But reconditioning is even simpler than the original building.

First costs on such roads are very low. Even when labour is hired it does not cost more than £10–12 to build a mile of dirt road across a flat plain in China, unless an exceptionally large number of culverts, bridges, etc., is needed. Upkeep costs are correspondingly low because labour is cheap.

But not all of the roads can be built simply by piling up dirt. Some of them must be constructed over mountain passes, and this requires rock cutting. The new road down into south-eastern Shansi, of which I have spoken, for example, crossed one fairly high pass and two lower ones. Considerable rock work and careful engineering supervision were necessary. Yet the cost was only £100,000 for the 200 miles.

The motor road from Sian to Lanchow also required some rock work, especially through the pass up to the Kansu plain, about a hundred miles west of Lanchow. Carts had gone up this way, with extra animals pulling. Five years ago, Feng Yuhsiang, the "Christian General," put some of his soldiers to work to make it passable for motors. They did so—but no motor-car has yet gone over the steepest part without the help of several oxen or mules.

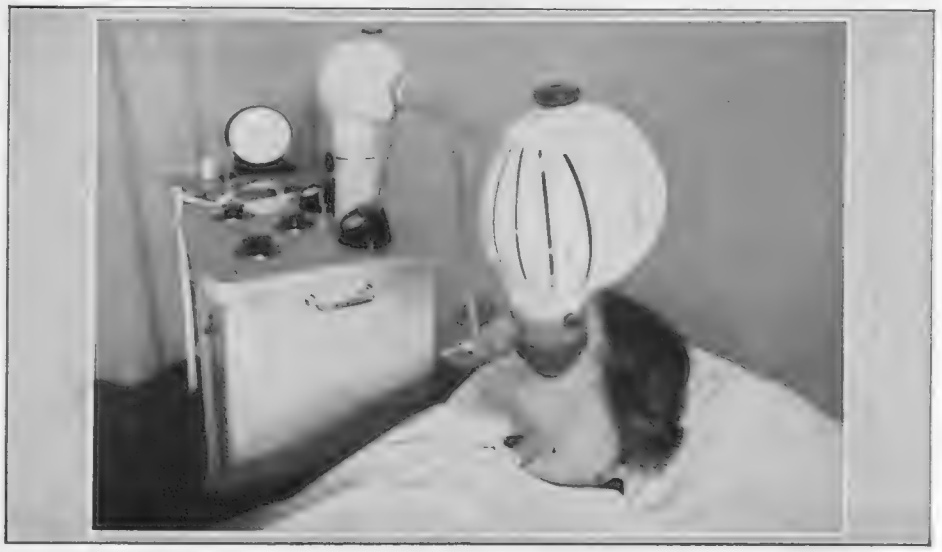
Anyway, the road was opened for motor travel along the old camel caravan trail to Central Asia and Persia from the ancient imperial capital of Sian—a city where the ladies of the court dressed themselves in silk and rouged their lips long before the Queen of Sheba started her flirtation with King Solomon.

The LEPER'S SQUINT and RAYS of HEALTH

As in the old days Spiritual consolation used to be given to those unfortunates afflicted with leprosy through a tiny window in the church (a fine example is extant at Christchurch, Hants) so, in this materialistic age, wherein science has achieved the position formerly held by Religion, the Leper's Squint, as this window was called, makes an appearance in the Plague Hospital of China, through which physical, not spiritual aid is given

THE LEPER'S SQUINT UP-TO-DATE: A new picture from a Chinese plague hospital. Those striken with plague are isolated even from attendants, orderlies, nurses, and doctors—so infectious is the disease—and receive their serum injections through a small sliding window—a recurrence in the scientific world of the ancient method of administering spiritual consolation through a tiny window

ROENTGEN RAYS: An examination conducted by the Roentgen (X) rays with the latest device for handling them at Pohl Kiel. The grave danger of the Roentgen ray is its likelihood to burn and create dermatitis, but this device minimizes the risk. Even radiologists suffer occasionally from the complaint



GRENZ RAYS: Dr. Gustav Bucky, a Berlin radiologist, introduced a cross between Roentgen (X) rays and ultra-violet rays, christened Grenz Rays. This treatment combines the benefits accruing from both types of ray and eliminates the danger of the occasional dermatitis and burn-inducing X rays. Above is seen the apparatus, made by Siemens and Halske of Berlin, installed in Dr. Bucky's institute in Berlin

Fiture by Rosita Forbes

THE WIND-TOWERS OF YEZD: These curious structures, peculiar to Eastern Persia, are designed to catch the faintest errant desert breeze and convey it into the house below. "For the security of the roads and the development of communications, the townsfolk of Yezd give full credit to the present Government, but, owing to the ban on the purchase of foreign drafts with which to pay for imports, the merchants are doing no business, and unemployment is rife. For instance, there are in Yezd 3,000 'factories,' i.e. small cellars below the level of the street, approached through doors barely two-and-a-half feet high, where silk and clothes are woven on hand looms, to the accompaniment of a caged nightingale. But Persia makes no cotton yarn. The imported stocks are rapidly decreasing and the price rises each week, with the result that many of these factories are closing"

From the Foreword by Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes

Turkey.

Mustafa Kemal has expelled the Greek population from Asia Minor and has taken in exchange some thousands of Moslem families from Europe. The section of the unfortunate Armenian nation that inhabited Turkey-in-Asia had already been massacred, and consequently, after the transfers of population had been effected, Turkey-in-Asia for the first time in her history consisted of a purely Moslem population. Realizing the overwhelming sea-power of the Christian states, the *Ghazi* quitted Constantinople and created a new capital at Angora. Not content with abolishing the Sultanate and establishing a Republic ruled by a dictator, he committed the error of treating the Caliphate with equal ruthlessness. As regards Europe, his attitude may be described as a passion for westernization, coupled with a grim determination to suffer no European control. One of the outward and visible signs of the new order was the abolition of the fez and the substitution of the European hat, while every effort is being made to induce women to unveil and to take a part in public affairs.

THE CITY OF OIL AT "FIELDS"

PERSIAN TROOPS CROSSING A MOUNTAIN BRIDGE: A detachment of the 60,000 highly-trained soldiers marching over a primitive structure

Persia.

The position in Persia after the Great War was most serious. It seemed as if there would be an entire collapse, in which case the country might have fallen a prey to the Soviet. The situation may be compared with that prevailing in Afghanistan after the second Afghan War. Just as in Persia, there was a collapse of the Government and the situation was one of unrelieved gloom. In both cases it was saved by the unexpected appearance of two strong men, Abdur Rahman in Afghanistan, and Riza Khan in Persia, who transformed the situation and restored peace and order to their respective countries.

Riza, a peasant of Mazanderan by birth, served in the Cossack Division, in which he rose to be a senior officer. In 1921, a Tehran politician suggested a *coup d'état*, whereupon Riza marched his Cossacks on the capital, seized the Government and formed a Cabinet. At first as Minister of War, then as Premier, he proved his great capacity, and finally, after the disappearance off the scene of the weakling Shah, he mounted the throne of Cyrus the Great and was proclaimed Shah Riza Pahlavi. Like his great predecessors, he based his power mainly on his army. Re-enlisting the officers and men of the South Persia Rifles and of the Cossack Division, he organized an army, now estimated to be 60,000 strong, which is better trained and better disciplined than any force commanded by Persian officers in modern times. Incidentally, nearly one half of the revenue is devoted to the payment and upkeep of this force. The Shah has restored law and order. He has also reawakened the national pride. Moreover, following the example of Turkey, he has succeeded in abolishing the capitulations, by which the subjects of European Powers were tried by their Consuls. In consequence, Europeans in Persia are passing through a very difficult time. A new code has been drawn up, but the Persian judges are ignorant of it, the fact being that judges cannot be made by a resolution of the *Majlis* (Parliament).

Persian Difficulties.

If only His Majesty would visit Europe and study the many requirements, the complexity, and the cost of a railway service, he might be spared bitter disappointment and loss of prestige. The same remark applies to the creation of a Navy in the Persian Gulf. Ships are being constructed in Italy, where Persian youths are being trained, but Persia possesses no dockyard, nor any officials competent to administer even a squadron of small ships, while their cost will constitute an additional burden on a poverty-stricken country.

Finally, Persia somewhat hastily decided to adopt a gold standard, and instead of consulting a financial expert of international eminence, entrusted the task to a foreign legal adviser. Apparently he was given a very short time in which to complete his very complicated task, and the law that he drafted was immediately passed by the *Majlis*, which is entirely obedient to the wishes of the Shah. I fear that His Majesty may have reason to regret his failure to consult competent European advisers before undertaking such serious commitments. . . .

In all three countries the weak point is finance, although Turkey and Afghanistan must envy Persia the handsome revenue which she draws from the Anglo-

CONFLICT: The Record of an 8,000-Mile Journey Through the New Near East

By ROSITA FORBES

From Angora to Afghanistan!

From New Turkey through new Persia to new, but reactionary, Kabul.

This journey, undertaken by one of the most famous of modern travellers, Rosita Forbes, covered lands all of which were undergoing the turmoil of birth-pangs—countries where the old and the new were locked in mortal combat.

The brilliant record of this journey, entitled "Conflict," by the traveller herself who is no less skilled an author than a voyager—has just been published (Cassell. 15s. net), with an illuminating foreword by Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes.

Following a series of articles on the Near East by Rosita Forbes, the materials for which were collected on this journey, "The Sphere" presents below a series of excerpts both from the foreword and the main body of the book itself. This double-page is devoted exclusively to Persia, whose emergence under the joint dominion of Riza Khan and the great Perso-European Oil Companies has provided the post-war world with one of its most startling developments.

CAPTAIN MERRY AND A SERGEANT OF FIRST ASSYRIAN BATTALION IRAQ LEVIES, WITH THE AUTHOR AT DIANA CAMP

Persian Oil Company. Even so, as Rosita Forbes well puts it, "It is extremely expensive to turn the East into the West, and the Pahlavi Government is determined to do it in one generation."

Here begins a series of excerpts from "Conflict" itself

Subterranean Najaf.

The most interesting thing in Najaf, apart from the distracting glimpses of the mosque obtained from bazaars so narrow that two cannot walk abreast between the shops, is the subterranean city which, during the torrid summer months, houses the whole population.

PICTURESQUE WOMEN OF KURDISTAN: "Other women came in, strong-featured and sun-burned. They wore red and black striped turbans set at a rakish angle, with a chin-strap fastened above each ear by a tasselled ornament. Their short velvet jackets, brilliant green or violet, were embroidered with gold and worn above a straight black robe, which in its turn was lost in unnumbered yards of striped cotton skirt, the whole being surmounted by a floppy red and white sheet which had no visible fastening"

If the brogue of an infidel happens to impinge upon the first paving-stone of the great, mosaicked gateway by which the court of Ali's mosque is approached, a sullen murmur swells among the crowd. Pale faces crowd round the trespasser, and there is age-old hatred in eyes which look as if they were drowned in opium, but the fanatical citizens become quite amiable when asked to show their underground retreats.

Preceded by a lantern I went down an old well-shaft into what appeared to be the heart of the earth, and there were great columned apartments, still warm from the sun-baked streets. Further down we went and the chambers were cooler and low-roofed, some with tiled or frescoed walls, and then down again till we were five storeys under the earth and in a temperate climate.

From one house to another stretch the suites of underground rooms, with here and there a cavern or an ancient well called "the home of a wind," up which a breeze blows strong and cold. With the first summer heat, carpets, tea-things, and water-pipes are brought down to the subterranean houses, with bedding for those storm-swept nights when the flying sand makes sleep on the roofs impossible. And, as the temperature increases in the desert-leaguered town, the people of Najaf merely move one storey deeper into the earth.

Picture by Rosita Forbes

THE "BUBBLE ROOFS" AND SLATTED WIND-TOWERS OF KERMAN: "The domed roofs of Kerman look as if they have been blown out of a bowl of soap bubbles. The town is tucked away under one of the usual reddish-black ranges, barren beyond description

Oil at Abadan

Six hundred British are employed at Abadan, and they inhabit the rows of solidly-built yellow bungalows, each staring into its neighbour's windows for, Americanwise, there are no hedges in the City of Oil. When he first comes out the bachelor is provided with a comprehensive bed sitting-room with a bathroom and a veranda. He feeds at the company's restaurant, where lunch or dinner costs 1s. 6d. Later he moves to a house containing four such apartments and shares dining-room, sitting-room, and cook with three messmates.

The simplest married quarters consist of two bedrooms, each with a bath, dining-room, and sitting-rooms, but the managerial bungalows, in gardens ablaze with English flowers, might well have been transported from any complacent Middle-Western town defying the desert by means of science. . . .

Abadan is as brilliantly lighted as Piccadilly, and when the summer temperature rises to 125 deg. Fahrenheit it is cooled by every ingenious electrical device. The company makes its own ice and mineral water. It maintains tennis-courts, a polo ground, a golf-course, a swimming-pool, a cinema, and a theatre. It provides mosques and pays for the services of priests; but the established religion of Abadan is OIL. Prospectors are its missionaries, and the managerial board its episcopacy. There is no god but the pipe-line, and every enthusiastic worker conceives himself its Prophet. . . .

The only things which are never seen on the sacred island are money and oil. The company runs one of the most comprehensive stores in the world, where bills are charged against salaries, and there are no other shops except in the bazaar, where the chit system also rules, so coin is superfluous. . . .

Thermos fireless locomotives, filled with steam at two hundred pounds pressure *outside* the danger zone, run over the thirty miles of railway track which connects the plant inside the formidable wire fence. . . .

A thousand cars are employed in the area which, with the co-operation of the present Persian Government, the company has done much to develop, for wells have been sunk in regions hitherto considered inaccessible and regular communications ensured. Paddle-steamers plying on the Karun River between Abadan and Fields facilitate the distribution of heavy cargo to outlying districts. A fleet of over a hundred tankers loading four thousand tons an hour distribute the various oil products and, incidentally, the deepening of the bar of the gulf to facilitate the loading of the largest is a potential asset for Persia.

Oil at Fields.

To-day there is "Fields"—some eighty square miles of sophisticated civilization set in the midst of the Bakhtiari Hills. Here four hundred and fifty Europeans and perhaps fourteen thousand natives minister directly, or indirectly, to the needs of oil. Within the gates, where speed-limits, metalled roads, traffic control, and sign boards offer a startling contrast to the barren hills and deserted ranges, there is a town scattered over ten miles of blinding white ridges—a town complete with clubs, libraries, and a panatrope, tennis and racquet courts, a racecourse and Persian baths, night schools where determined labourers are learning to read and write, workshops, a concert hall and a hospital, telegraph, telephone and wireless, not to mention a hundred and fifty miles of high-tension wire carried on standards which look like gibbets, and three hundred miles of the inevitable piping.

There is no green in Fields except in the garden plots, whose brilliance is a challenge to the incredible desolation of Khuzistan. Beyond the new roads and the geological camps, where prospecting is in progress, the Lurs, forgetting the faith imposed upon them twelve hundred years ago by the swords of Islam, may yet kindle the eternal fire on the high places once sacred to Baal and stain the impassable rocks with the blood of sacrifices; but in Fields, the most modern plant has been installed and extensive research is being carried out.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

ARTHUR HENDERSON, UNIVERSAL UNCLE. — Mr. Arthur Henderson has undertaken the biggest job in the world, also the most important. In an atmosphere of almost cynical scepticism as to satisfying results, he was unanimously chosen the other day in Geneva to preside over the destinies of the first World Disarmament Conference.

Already Foreign Secretary of the British Empire and head of the British Labour Party, each one a full-sized man's job, he has now taken on, in addition, the enormous task of trying to make the world disarm. Mr. Henderson IS a big man if he succeeds in that.

In spite of a very strong antipathy among journalists and delegates to the super-capital of the world as the place for such a conference, Geneva was selected. Many reasons were advanced against that choice. The weather in February, when the Nations will come together to discuss limitation of armaments, is abominable. The problem of the comfortable housing of 1,000 to 1,500 delegates and their personnel as well as some 500 journalists will present difficulty and provoke no little dissatisfaction. Few hotels in Geneva are 1st class or up to date. Geneva cuisine is not famous. Epicures complain much. There is no hall commodious enough to hold 2,000 people. The Genevans are not noted for cordiality towards the League. One sometimes gets the impression that they look upon it as an intruder. Socially, they remain very much aloof. A rigid Calvinistic city, there are few diversions. And—the World Disarmament Conference may spread over a period of six months to two years, with intervals of course. Despite all these, and more, reasons against it, Geneva was chosen simply because there was no other place. Barcelona was looked upon with favour, but the coming of the Spanish Republic and the uncertainties still connected therewith destroyed that city's chance.

The selection of Britain to head and direct the Disarmament Conference is a compliment indeed. Perhaps a doubtful one. We stand more to lose friends than to make them. It will be difficult to prevent the reproach of failure partly falling on the chairman, if failure it will be.

There never has been a conference potentially of such universal importance to the world. Mr. Henderson was chosen as Chairman; Geneva selected as place; February fixed as date; all in the most inauspicious atmosphere. It is marked by an utter lack of belief in the good faith and sincerity of some of the powers. Scepticism is the keynote, even in Geneva. I have found few who believe that results to satisfy the cry for disarmament will be achieved. To those who have followed the six years' deliberations of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, the conclusion is unavoidable that some of the powers are chiefly concerned with endeavouring to limit the limitations of armaments. Tremendous pressure from America with the refusal of loans and credits on the one hand, and the social peril of an impending economic catastrophe, may force realization of the situation where now there is none.

Britain's rôle between the heavily-armed French and their allies on the one side, the disarmed Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, and Bulgarians on the other, will indeed be a difficult one. Those difficulties are not always understood, still less appreciated. The rôle of peacemaker has ever been a thankless one.

FRANCO-GERMAN.—Idealists, without a sense of the grim reality of things, shift their own responsibility to the League of Nations, and see in it the guarantee of world peace. The Disarmament Conference will be the test. So far the great powers, the pillars of the League, have been the greatest sceptics of that, as evidenced by their armaments. If the Conference is a failure the prestige of the League will be shaken to the foundation, and Germany may not be the only nation to withdraw.

The struggle in the Conference will revolve round France and her allies. France, dominant in the League, is called the mightiest military power in the world. Does she herself really believe that? If so, why the fear of disarmed Germany, which has not one military 'plane, a tank, or big gun? The strong man, conscious of his strength, confident in it, has no fear-complex. Usually he is a silent man.

Not even the Disarmament Conference can remove the *real* cause of France's fear of Germany. That fear is Germany's vital statistics, her greater population and birthrate—and her efficiency. Germany is, so to speak, the tragic victim of her own efficiency. The German people are full of energy, industrious, intensely ambitious, determined to get on, tremendously efficient in almost everything except diplomacy and psychology of other peoples.

The greatest barrier to anything like an alliance between France and Germany is French fear that in such an alliance, it would be only a question of time before German efficiency dominated France, and not one of France dominating Germany. Even Soviet Russia fears Germany for the very same reason. The Russians know full well that, were Germany to turn Red, Moscow would not long dominate Germany. They fear that German efficiency and German talent for organization might dominate Russia.

Even a large percentage of the Austrians fear Germany, though of the same race, and fear it again for the same reason. Not only does that element in Austria fear German competition, but they are afraid that Prussian energy will shake up the easy-going Viennese, and put an end to their happy-go-lucky existence, with efforts to energize it into something really German.

LOOSE SPEECH. — American Professor Frederich J. E. Woodbridge of Columbia University, recently presenting the annual Davies Lecture in Philosophy, declared that the world's misuse of the adjective "American," loosely applied to "cash, culture, crime, morals, manners, money, and murders" is a "disturber of steadiness of mind." He resented, also, the "inevitable term 'hundred per cent.'" taken as a necessary part of the phrase "American." The professor claims that the world is seriously misled politically, spiritually, and socially by the common misuse of such words as "Freudian, psycho-analytic, Victorian, Bolshevik, reactionary, revolutionary, conservative, sexual, and democratic," which, carelessly applied by those who should know better, present modern world-problems and evolution in a dangerously false light to the ignorant or superficial numerically preponderating.

STAGE AND SOCIETY: Members of the Diplomatic Corps of Tokio visited the Tokio Geikijo Theatre, Kyobashi, where revue is being presentea by the Girls of the Shochiku Music and Dancing Department. The distinguished audience goes behind the scenes after the show

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE DOLL.—A Buddhist Mass accompanying the burial of Broken Dolls is a June festival in child-loving Japan. This picturesque celebration, inaugurated since the War, has been observed regularly with increasing public interest and attendance. The modernization of the Flowery Land is not robbing it of romance and imagination.

"A spiritual movement, encouraging the children to love, and think tenderly of all things that have been a source of joy," according to Dr. Tetsuji Nishiyama, responsible for the ceremony. A tiny altar is set up before the open grave. Offerings of fruits and vegetables are supplemented by personal offerings from children and their mothers to the spirits of these departed "friends of children." Buddhist priests in their colourful robes chant the Buddhist *sutras* for the spirits of the dolls about to be buried. Incense is burned as the chant swells with reverent solemnity.

All this in appreciation of the service rendered by the dolls in the education of children, and the fact that they are treated by children as if they were living things. The origin of the Japanese doll, says Dr. Nishiyama, dates back to the reign of the 11th Emperor Suinin, who ruled from 29 B.C. to 70 A.D.

"Japan is the land of dolls. Japanese children may well be proud of the Japanese doll with its origin in the days of antiquity," he declares. "It originated when clay dolls in the likeness of human beings were buried to save the lives of many subjects who offered themselves to be buried alive with their dead masters. Since that time, many a doll has been cast into the river and the sea, as the embodiment of evil spirits and misfortune. At other times, they serve as a protection to mothers when their children are born. They have also been sacrificed for the sake of gaining health and happiness for a little son or daughter. During the Doll Festival and Boys' Festival, dolls are made the objects of adoration by children. Dolls have been very intimate friends of children from time immemorial."

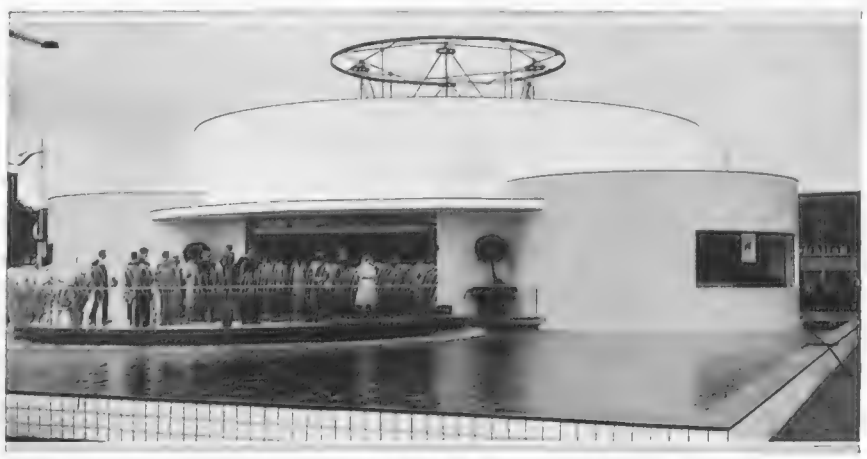
TRANSMUTING FANTASY INTO REALITY.—Is the human mind endeavouring to escape reality for fantastic adventure and romance, or to exchange the realms of dreams for reality?

Sir Hubert Wilkins is on his way to transform Jules Verne's dream into reality by setting out to reach the North Pole under the frozen Arctic in the American submarine. *Nautilus*. Dr. Hugo Eckener, with scientists and writers aboard, expects to start in July with the German airship *Graf Zeppelin*, to keep a tryst with Wilkins at the Pole. Herr Asmuss Hansen, a German, and the French aircraft-manufacturer, M. Farman, are both building a stratosphere 'plane, planned to carry them into unknown space ten miles or more above the earth.

Last summer, Professor Auguste Piccard invited me to examine his gigantic balloon then under test at Augsburg. The Professor minutely explained to me the construction and object of the various instruments with which he hoped to register the results of his researches in the undiscovered stratosphere. He spoke as gaily as a schoolboy of his projected adventure, without the slightest trace of fear or misgiving. His confidence was shared by Madame Piccard, who listened smilingly all the time. His two little children gazed in thrilled awe from their six-foot-two, shock-headed, genial father to the big black and white globe.

Now the interplanetary rocket enthusiasts of America, Germany, Austria, France, and Russia are organizing an International League of Interplanetary Rocket inventors and scientists. Mr. G. E. Pendray, Vice-President of the American Interplanetary Society, and leaders of the German Society for Interplanetary Navigation, are taking steps to organize a World Committee for Rocket Research. The French "Société d'Astronautique" has enthusiastically accepted the idea.

An international bureau is to be established in Berlin, since Germany is the only country in the world that maintains a "Rocket Aerodrome" for such experiments. The rocket pioneers of the different countries propose to pool their ideas, theories, research, and scientific experiments for the more rapid development of interplanetary rockets. The purpose of establishing an International Interplanetary Bureau in Berlin, is with the object of furthering this goal.



ARCHITECTURE IN BERLIN: The "Woman's House" at the Berlin Architectural Show of 1931. It is a curvilinear building of Modernist design with a ring fountain and a pool, and it is used for conferences on subjects of interest to women

ROUND *the* WORLD *in* PICTURES

Earthquake in Nicaragua and Other Foreign Events

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN AS THE PRESIDENT OF THE RED CROSS: H.I.M. makes her first appearance since the birth of her third daughter at the annual gathering of the Red Cross Society to which she read an address

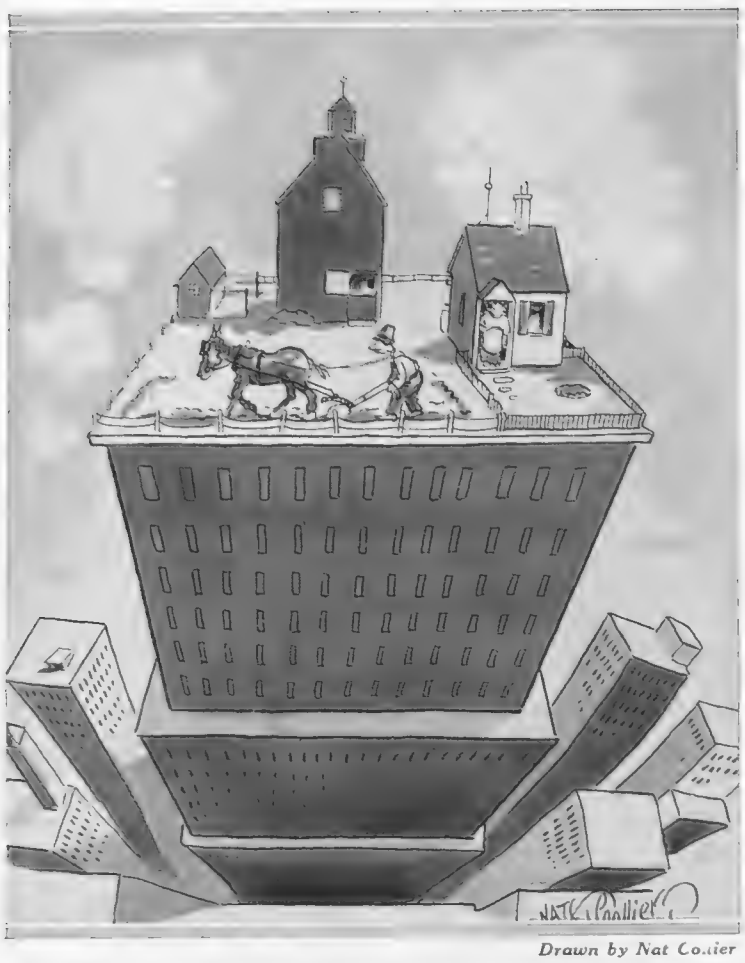
THE QUASI-ROYAL GARDEN PARTY: The main social event of the year in Hungary is the garden party held by the Regent, Admiral Horthy, in the Royal Castle, Budapest. Above are seen the Habsburg guests—Archduchess Augusta and her lady-in-waiting, and Archduke Joseph with Frau Horthy

RIOTS IN EGYPT: The Egyptian elections in Cairo opened with serious rioting and bloodshed. Following a strike of the railway workshop engineers, the police were forced to fire on the mob which was wrecking everything within sight—20 were killed, 20 seriously and 210 casually injured. Police are seen above clearing the rioters after they had fired a tram in a Cairo street

EARTHQUAKE IN NICARAGUA: A violent earthquake of short duration reduced to ruin the capital of the small Central American Republic which offered to the U.S. Marine Corps an opportunity of distinguishing itself a year or two ago and showed Uncle Sam in imperialist mood. The small capital city of Managua was almost completely destroyed and the death-roll was estimated at over 1,000. On left is seen a typical impression of desolation, and inset above on left the remains of the leading hotel, the Chic, and the Cauncourne Palace with vultures perched on the walls. On right is the wreck of the National Palace

NEW YORK ROOFS

Hold a Life of Their Own



Drawn by Nat Collier

"No, Maria, we cannot go down to the city till I finish up my spring ploughing." A cartoonist's vision of the future of the skyscraper

New York's streets, squares, and skyscrapers are famous. Changes in the jagged skyline of the city, the constant rise of new, broad, flat-topped office buildings crowding out antiquated structures of earlier generations, the rearing of still loftier and more graceful spires, are viewed with unconcern by the millions who regularly tread its streets.

The roofs of the city, distinctive developments of the crowded metropolis, are little known. In a community where land values run into staggering sums and lofty buildings keep the streets in almost perpetual shadow, are yet to be found on the roof tops gaiety, beauty, and the blessings of fresh air and sunlight. There is a city above the city. On the roofs the poor seek health in open-air gymnasiums and sleeping quarters; the wealthy find refreshment in the Grecian gardens and imitation ship's decks of their penthouses.

Especially within the last few years has the value of roofs been increasingly recognized. Roofs have been put to a hundred new uses, some of which are exceedingly bizarre. A tour of the roofs of Manhattan, beginning in the congested district of lower Broadway and moving up town, is a pilgrimage in a strange and airy land that brings the voyager to unexpected discoveries.

The southernmost roof of interest is that of the Whitehall Building, fronting Battery Park. Here, thirty-two stories above the street, is a roof devoted to the foretelling and recording of New York's weather. The location is superb for the purpose. At the tip of Manhattan Island, far above elevated trains and crowded streets; the winds sweep across unobstructed and the observer has an open view of the sky in all directions.

On this roof are such weather instruments as the rain and snow gauges, a revolving roll indicating the hour-by-hour temperature, an instrument to measure humidity, and a steel tower which lifts weathervanes and the whirling wind-velocity indicator still higher into the sky. Also on the tower are three lights which aid ships coming into the harbour.

Other aids to the sailor are found in this section of the city. Of first importance is a roof along the East River near Battery Park, where Coentia's Slip empties into South Street. Here is the tall building of the Seaman's Church Institute. Its roof has two conspicuous features. The first is a lighthouse tower rising to a height of some sixteen storeys and being visible for great distances to incoming boats. This is the Titanic Light, erected in 1913 by public subscription as a memorial to those who went to their deaths in that ill-fated ship. Farther back and well elevated is a great white cross fitted with reflecting surfaces to catch the beams from the floodlights below. To one coming into the harbour by night this gleaming cross stands out radiantly in a great flood of light above the darkened city.

Various towers in Lower Manhattan keep lights burning for the guidance of ships. Among them is the Standard Oil Building at 26, Broadway. Around the huge chimney, which resembles a gigantic hour-glass, are four large lamps. A roof-dweller—one of those men who spend much of their lives aloft repairing roof defects—announced that these four lamps are always kept lighted and "they burn kerosene."

Roofs sometimes attract curious characters.

On Washington Street near Rector is a roof that the children have all for their own. It tops the building of the Bowling Green Neighbourhood Association, and is equipped with beds, swings, a giant slide, jungle-gym, see-saws—even a sand box. It is open all the year round, the winter snow (which cannot be thrown over the high parapet) being carted down to the street in barrels.

Returning to Broadway, one comes to the American Telephone and Telegraph Building, housing between 5,000 and 6,000 employees. Its roof is not wasted on ventilators and vacant spaces. It is a skyland gymnasium, bustling with activity noons and evenings. There are two golf driving nets on this sports roof, a court for squash tennis, three handball courts, two well-screened courts for either basketball or paddle tennis, and a large area for those who wish to sun themselves in deck chairs. The chairs are like those used on transatlantic liners, and the breeziness of the roof, together with the wide view of rivers and ocean, assists in the illusion of a seat on the hurricane deck of a ship in mid-Atlantic.

The observation gallery of the Woolworth Tower comes next in the up-town trek. While few New Yorkers trouble to take the fifty-five-storey ride to its top, many visitors do so the first thing. They gather from all parts of the world, a gaping, amazed crowd, peering fearfully over at the microscopic dots that are people and the tiny oblongs that are cars in the street nearly 800 ft. below. Crowning this tower is the amber light of the Woolworth Building, visible farther than any other in the city and of service alike to ocean and airplane traffic.

A glance at the northern wing of the Municipal Building will usually reveal a curious spectacle, a platform structure. It is a bandstand, where many bands assemble to play for the radio fans who listen in on the city radio station, WNYC. The indoors broadcasting room is too small for the large volume necessary in band music.

The roofs of Oliver Street and of the east side are generally used for practical purposes. They are often adorned with clothes-lines. Especially on wash day, the section of roofs is one billowing sea of white, rising and falling in the breeze. Here and there are spots of brilliant colour, crimson and saffron and green. It is probable that a connoisseur in Southern European dress could determine, street by street, the nationality of the inhabitants simply by these sleeved pennants which float from the roofs. A huge Palestine, a colourful Italy, a gay Rumania, the abode of the wintering gipsies—these certainly could be picked out.

At new Bowery and Roosevelt Street, and also near Chatham Square on the Chinatown side, are roofs fitted out with pigeon cotes. In the evening the keepers appear with their slender long poles and the pigeons come sweeping down for the night in flashing circles of white and sunset glow.

A little farther up on the east side, where Manhattan reaches its greatest width and worst congestion, there is an epidemic of steel cage roofs. The cages admit the sunlight and prevent the youngsters from toppling into the street below.

One gets a sharp contrast by going across town, although still remaining below Fourteenth Street. Here is the new towering apartment hotel, 1 Fifth Avenue. High above any of the surrounding buildings is a series of roof terraces each belonging to its adjoining apartment, and a separate roof for the use of all patrons of the hotel.

The terraces have potted plants, deck chairs, bridge sets—as the taste of the apartment holder has determined.

In the crowded area of hotels and theatres centring around Times Square, roofs blossom in all their glory and almost all their variety. There is a sports roof on the Gilbert Building on West Thirty-ninth Street. There are even two penthouse apartments quite close to the square—on the roof of the Berkeley Building on West Forty-fourth Street. They have extensive "grounds," handsomely landscaped. But, of course, the glory of the Times Square roofs is the amusement roof—the roof garden.

Ever since the first roof garden amused New Yorkers when it appeared on top of the old Casino Theatre at Broadway and Thirty-seventh Street succeeding ones have been coming into increasing favour. In the height of the Summer season the roofs where people dine are brilliant indeed, some open to the stars, some glassed over or having awnings against bad weather.

Of course the brightness of the Great White Way is due to yet another use of roofs—as supports for gigantic electrical advertising displays. The walker on Broadway is blinded and dazzled by legends and slogans in the sky, advertising in all the colours of the rainbow everything from toothpaste to motor-cars.

For radio-sending stations sky-scraper roofs make lofty supports for still more lofty towers. The most brilliant of the radio towers are the brightly lighted ones atop the Park Central. But the radio station once there has been transferred. As one travels up town in the apartment house districts radio aerials are seen as tangled cobwebs on the roofs. They are of all designs.

Hospitals have made good use of their roofs. In the new Medical Centre the enormous main hospital has two "recreational" roofs of 1,800 square feet each, overlooking the Hudson. There are also two glassed-in loggias of 900 square feet and loggias or solariums at the ends of the wings on each floor. There is an even larger single roof atop the Private Patients' Pavilion. The Nurses' Building has provision for sleeping in the open. In fact, the Medical Centre is an example of the full use of every available inch of open roof space.

The areas of the more expensive apartment houses, in particular the Park Avenue and Riverside Drive sections, present a green and bushy roof line. The roofs are usually the "grounds" for one or more penthouse apartments and belong to the tenants of the penthouse. The gardens cluster so thickly that an airplane passenger recently declared, with considerable exaggeration, that New York seen from the sky is a green pasture land.

Roofs as sleeping quarters are becoming steadily more popular. They are often, too, the working field for the astronomer. At Columbia University is the astronomical observatory with its strange rotating roof which opens in one segment so that the telescope may peer through.

On the roofs of New York one may also see moving pictures if the season is favourable. One open-air theatre perches atop the Riverside Keith-Albee Theatre at Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street.

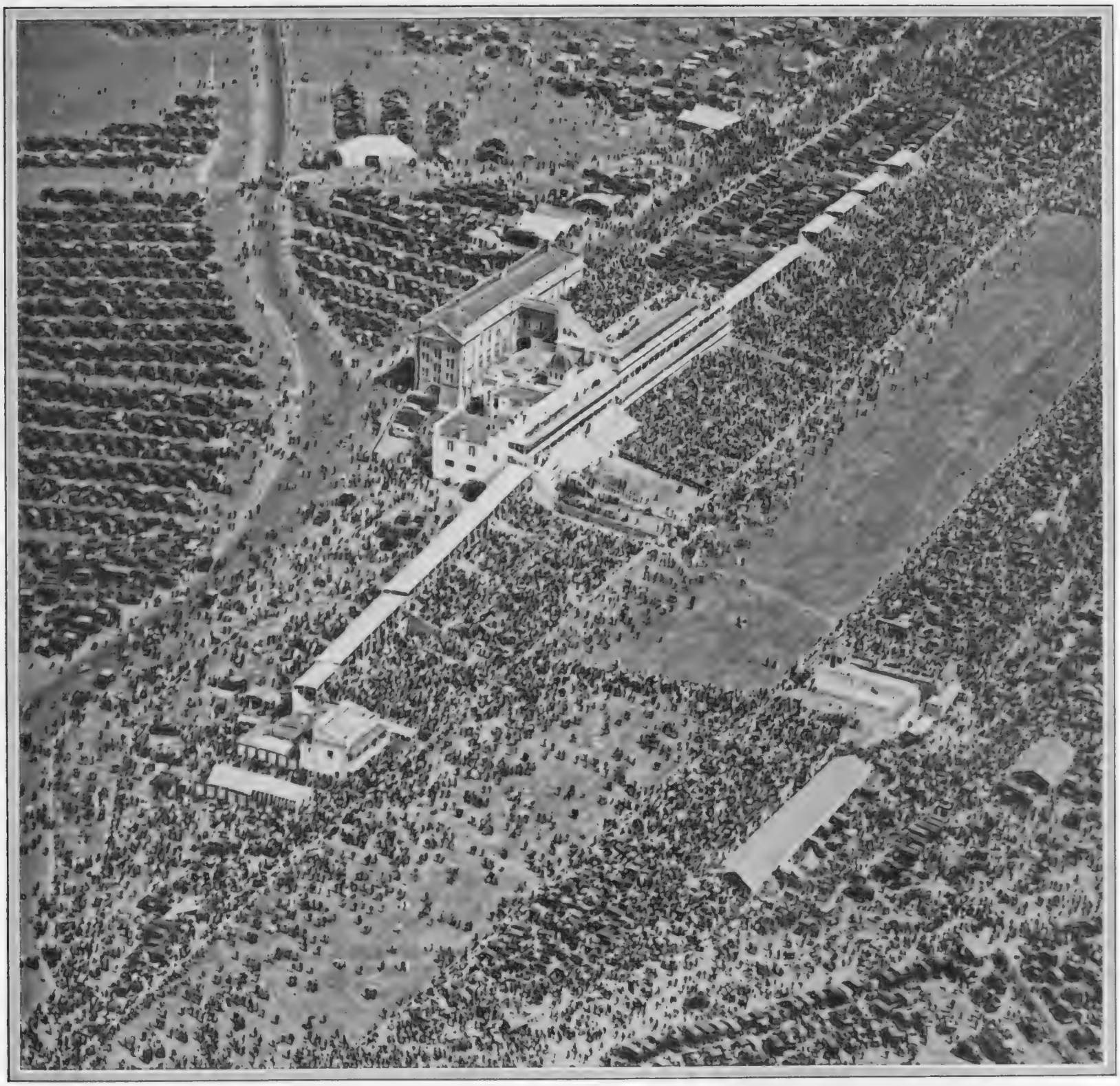
One new development already casts its shadow the use of roofs as landing places for airplanes.

F. Emerson Andrews

"SMITING THE STARS WITH THEIR SUBLIME HEADS": A vision of New York, recalling Carlyle's famous phrase

The BLUE RIBAND of the ENGLISH TURF

THE PERIPATETIC GRANDSTAND: A feature of the modern Derby is the use of private buses engaged for private parties. Their serried ranks are formed up in a special enclosure



EPSOM ON A DERBY DAY: An aerial view of the throng of people and cars on and around the famous course. The greatest classic of the turf provides an inimitable spectacle of kaleidoscopic life—the bookies, the costers, the smart turn-outs, the tic-tac men, the find-the-lady experts and (henceforth on a neighbouring height) the gipsies render the course the most colourful sight of the Season

THE BLUE RIBAND *of the* ENGLISH TURF

Striking Pictures of Cameronian's Derby, Run on the King's Birthday

THE START: The twenty-five horses ranked to be started by Captain Allison. Mr. Dewar's *Cameronian* (F. Fox), placed fourteenth in the draw, won by three-quarters of a length from Sir John Rutherford's *Orpen* (R. A. Jones), and Lord Rosebery's *Sandwich* (H. Wragg). M. Boussac's *Goyescas* (C. Elliott) ran fourth and *Gallini* fifth. *Reveillon* ran last. The time was 2 min. 36⅗ sec.. The odds were 7–2, 8–1, 10–1

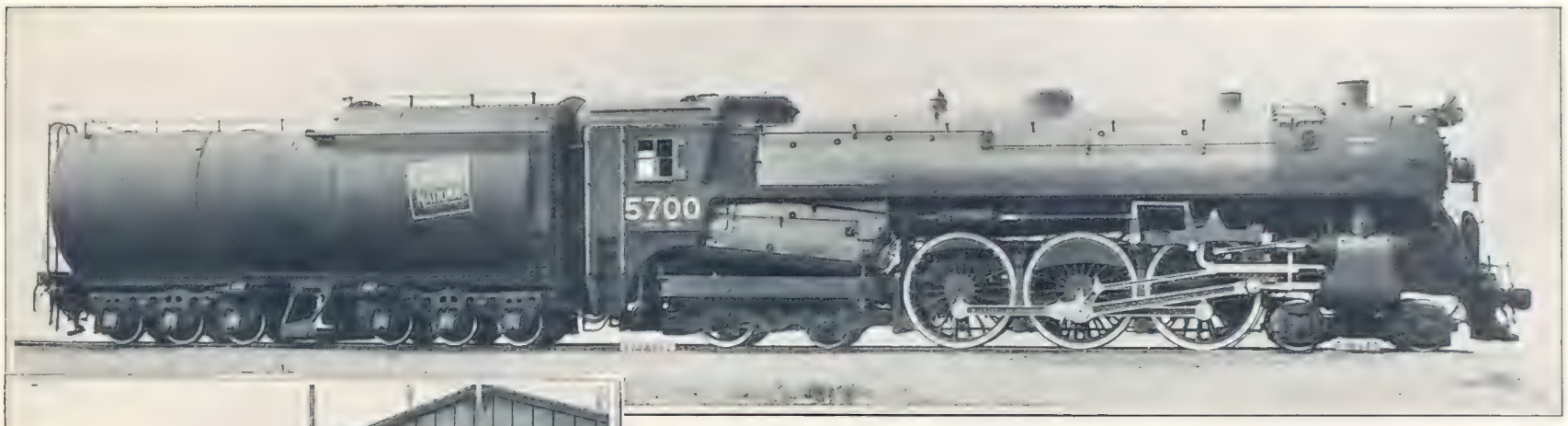
THE FINISH: *Cameronian, Orpen,* and *Sandwich* pass the winning-post well ahead of the second group led by the French competitor, *Goyescas.* It is the first favou to be congratulated on his good fortune in winning the Derby at the first time of asking, and Fred Fox, the champion jockey, in winning his first Derby. The *Primitif.* The latter horse and *Kiatere* were scratched but a few moments before the race. The King celebrated his birthday by visiting the Derby with the Q Prince George, and Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood. Both winning horse and winning owner are Scottish (the horse at least in name) and C

urite to win since 1927. Mr. Dewar (nephew and heir of the late Lord Dewar) is Donoghues, father and son, did not ride owing to the scratching of *Link Boy* and Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Gloucester, *Cameronian* brought off the double of the Guineas and the Derby

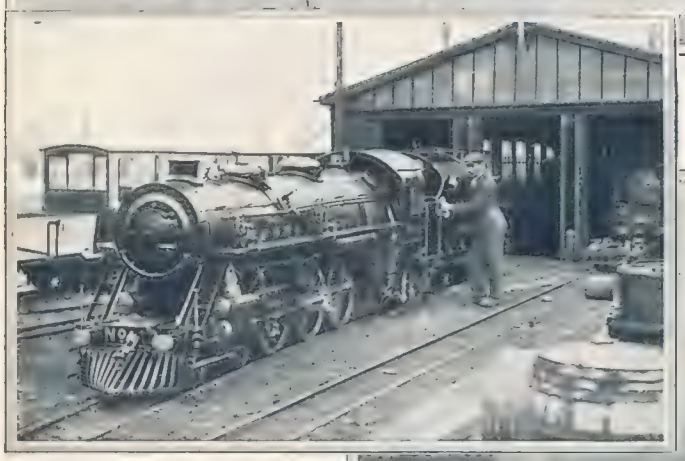
WINNERS ALL THREE: Mr. Dewar leads his winning horse, *Cameronian* (Fred Fox up), in after the great victory. Mr. Dewar is a genuine favourite of fortune. Above, the great thrill of the race is shown—the rounding of that acute bend—the immortal Tattenham Corner

DUNLOP
DUNLOP REINFORCED
C.F.H.740

MONSTERS *of the* STEEL HIGHWAYS

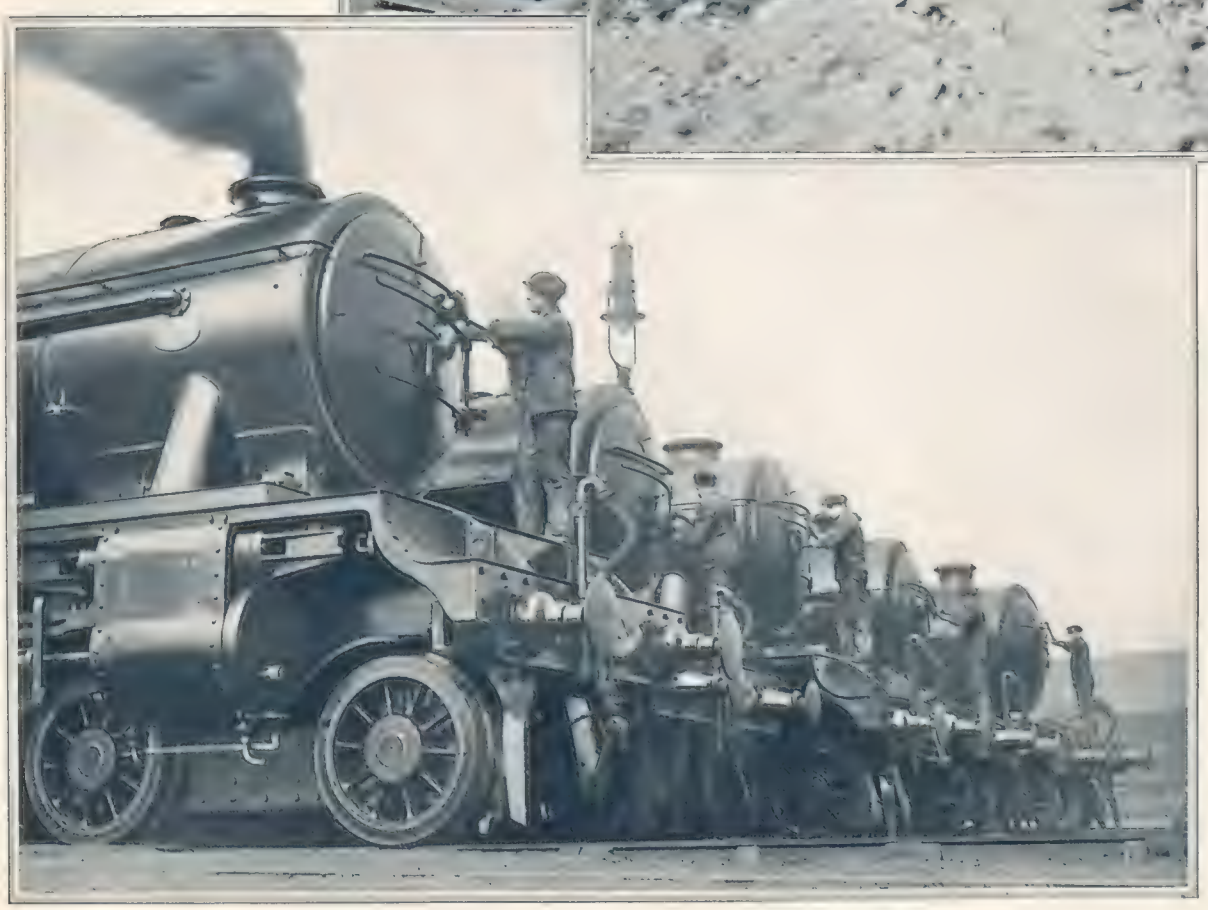


THE WORLD'S LARGEST ENGINE. The Canadian National Railways have recently received from the Montreal locomotive works five new locomotives of the 4–6–4 type. These engines, one of which is seen above, are designed for fast passenger service



CONCENTRATED EFFICIENCY: A new locomotive built by the Yorkshire Engineering Co. for the Hythe-Dungeness Light Railway. It is a quarter-size model of a Canadian Pacific locomotive complete with cow-catcher and bell. A special blast box is fitted on top of the engine to counteract wheel-slip attendant on slippery rails

LOCHABER ACTIVITIES: The L.N.E.R. line at Tulloch has been diverted in connection with the hydro-electric scheme. The new line will be on right



THE PARADE OF THE IRON GIANTS: A striking view of a line of Pacific type locomotives mustered at King's Cross ready to draw the thousands of holiday-makers to their various destinations at the seaside and country during the Whitsun rush, which, owing to the fine weather, proved to be exceptionally heavy

TRENCHES OF PEACE: A machine making huge furrows for water-pipes which are being laid on the land reclaimed from the Zuyder Zee

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

A COMEDY OF OFFICE LIFE: Mr. Frank Lawton and Miss Heather Angel as a visitor from a neighbouring office and the typist in the solicitor's office in which the scene of "London Wall," by John van Druten, is set at the Duke of York's

"Turkey Time."

It is always a good sign when each member of a theatrical company is greeted at a *première* as an old friend. This means that a settled policy has been successfully established; that an audience is taking it for granted, before the play has lasted five minutes, that it is going to be amused. In farce this is half the battle, and even a start twenty minutes late could not in this case prevent victory. I have seen funnier, much funnier, farces at the Aldwych than *Turkey Time*. But an Aldwych farce, even of the second grade, is so much more amusing than 90 per cent. of the farces produced elsewhere that this one should serve its turn well enough. The continuity of success should certainly not be broken.

I had not seen Mr. Tom Walls since he played the part of a policeman, which did not suit him. He is now an amorous colonial, which does suit him. Mr. Walls always suggests to me port—not vintage port, perhaps, but quite good port—and amorous escapades and a genially hedonistic view of life. I used to await his entrance with eagerness in musical comedy at the Winter Garden, where he played rubicund colonels with an easy slowness which made him an excellent foil to the electric buffoonery of Mr. Leslie Henson. His foil at the Aldwych is, of course, Mr. Ralph Lynn, who is swift, nonchalant, flippant, and eternally in difficulties from which Mr. Walls has to rescue him. Then there is Miss Mary Brough, who has only to be Miss Mary Brough (which is not to say that Miss Brough is not a clever actress). Mr. Kenneth Cove, with his vacant imbecility, has left the company. There remains only Mr. J. Robertson Hare. But what an "only."

I have given pride of place to the players and not to the play because this is emphatically not a case of the ship being more than the crew. Messrs. Walls, Hare, and Lynn and Miss Brough are not assembled in order to interpret Aldwych farces; Aldwych farces are assembled in order to help us to interpret *them*. Success comes because, in the first place, here are naturally funny people and, secondly, because they have the sense to play farce as it should be played—perfectly seriously. Take all the unfunny farces (there are plenty of 'em) and you will find that they have involved shouting and perspiration and a laboriously studied impression of a world apart, a world of wild caricature. At the Aldwych one finds amusing people but, still, ordinary people—even as you and I. And we laugh at them.

After this lengthy analytical preamble let me sink the science and explain that *Turkey Time* needs either a vast amount of explanation (for its plot is extremely complicated) or none at all. It is all about Mr. J. Robertson Hare being a bald-headed churchwarden carrying a collecting-box for the parish carolling party. He has a domineering wife and no sense of humour. So, of course, he is found in an actress's dressing-room, and, of course, Mr. Walls and Mr. Lynn bully him. And Miss Winifred Shotter is adorably pretty and the perfect *ingénue*, and Miss Mary Brough, the landlady of landladies, sails indignantly through the little piece like a battleship with a grievance. All are good, but Mr. Hare is the best. He is one of those rare people who appear on the stage mysteriously, like Harry Tate's "Ken," and seem to be not of the stage at all. I can forgive a rather dull first act and some unnecessarily "blue" lines because of Mr. Hare.

"Tiger Cats."

Whether there really exist women like the heroine of *Tiger Cats*—and a woman in the gallery of the Royalty shouted out that she did not think they do exist—I do not pretend to know. What I do know is that I have never met them and that they are not worth writing plays about. This piece, from the Danish, is a flashy bit of work which seems more flashy now than when it was originally produced in 1924. It is as unreal as an American film, and in some respects as vulgar. The present revival is justified solely by a superb performance by Mr. Robert Loraine as the exasperated husband of a woman who did not strike me as being detestable so much as utterly preposterous. When Mr. Loraine tackles a part of this type he is well-nigh incomparable. He has strength, dignity, sympathy, and immaculate technique. Miss Edith Evans is full of brains. But she plays "vamps"—Biblical "vamps" like Delilah, and nasty modern ones like the creature in this play. I do not think she should play "vamps." She is at her best in the highly artificial atmosphere of eighteenth-century comedies of manners, or in deliberate fooling, such as her scene with the king in Shaw's *The Apple Cart*. Her mannerisms are too prominent in such fare as *Tiger Cats*, and she leaves one wondering how any man could have troubled about so bizarre a creature as Miss Evans makes the character on which the whole play really revolves. There is another woman (woman-character, I mean) in the play who is equally hateful.

Argentina.

One of the largest parties ever given in London having been summoned by Mr. C. B. Cochran to the Dorchester Hotel to do honour to the dancer from Spain (I bow to Mr. Cochran's wish and refrain from calling her a Spanish dancer), Argentina, it was only natural that she should attract an enormous audience to the Adelphi Theatre for her first matinée. That audience surely cannot have been disappointed. At first one has the impression that this woman is almost plain—certainly not at all beautiful. Then the conviction comes that she is not only a lovely dancer but a lovely woman as well—and the conviction does not take long. In repose she means very little; when she moves she means everything. And that is how it should be with dancers, from whatever country they happen to come.

Argentina is the first Spanish dancer—I mean dancer from Spain—whom I have not found monotonous after ten minutes or so. Moreover, she uses castanets, which I had hitherto regarded as being not much more romantic than a metronome, with true genius. She can make these do all sorts of things—trill like miniature drum rolls, play loudly or softly, and mark a point with uncanny accuracy. She can almost make them speak. She does not confine herself to the hip twisting, the heel stamping, and the glances of haughty bad temper which normally indicate Spanish dancing. If I did not care for her "Impressions of a Bull Fight" it was largely because a bull fight is one of the unpleasantest things I have ever seen, while the dancing of Argentina is one of the pleasantest. Best of all was her dance from Manuel de Falla's "El Amor Brujo."

Ballet at the Lyceum.

Only a few hours later I saw "El Amor Brujo" danced again—this time by Russians at the Lyceum Theatre, where it formed the third part of an all-ballet programme. It was also the best part, really well played and really well danced. "Chout," which preceded it, is quaint and very post-War Russian. But Prokofieff's music, all awkward and spiky, though full of barbaric vigour, grows wearisome after a bit and the whole ballet is much too long. Curious that this product of Bolshevist Russia should contain as its central episode the fawning by a crowd of peasants on a rich merchant because of his money-bags. Perhaps the object was to poke fun at the rich man, who certainly had rather an unsatisfactory time of it. I liked the *décor* and the rich merchant's fur coat and the antics of the buffoons.

"Pulcinella," which has come to us from Pergolesi via Stravinsky, would have been more enjoyable at this, its first performance since the death of Diaghileff, had it been better danced. There was more than the suspicion of a muddle in the finale; but no doubt a few more rehearsals will put that to rights. Anyway, it is good to have ballet in London again, if only occasionally.

Covent Garden.

The German season at Covent Garden is now a memory only, but altogether a happy one. If *The Magic Flute* did not draw such large houses as was anticipated it was because the public for Mozart, as an operatic composer, is limited, and not because it was not well produced or well sung. The other operas have been crowded, and enthusiasts seem to agree that *The Ring* has never been done better. In Madame Frida Leider there is a Wagnerian soprano who has not her equal anywhere in the world. Herr Melchior, too, is superb, and has improved on his last year's form. Whatever those people may say who seem to grumble at Covent Garden as a matter of course, they cannot, if they have any sense of justice, or any sense at all, deny that *The Ring* with Leider, Melchior, and Schorr, and *Der Rosenkavalier*, with Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, and Richard Mayr, showed opera sung as it should be sung. And if they do deny this, I would ask them where they have heard finer performances and the names of the singers who appeared in them?

Much credit is due to the stage-director, Mr. Charles Moor, for the way he has overcome many scenic difficulties. Some of the scenery at Covent Garden is old, but it is not shabby, for it is continually being repainted. It is quite legitimate to object altogether to the type of scenery used—realistic and, if you like, old-fashioned. But such scenery is far less likely to interfere with the enjoyment of the music than something ultra-modern and bizarre—and the music is the thing. Besides, I prefer a tree to look like a tree and not like a proposition of Euclid.

LA ARGENTINA, who has just given a series of matinée performances at the Adelphi. The première danseuse of the Royal Opera Ballet in Madrid at the age of eleven, her recitals during the last few years have created a furore all over two continents

THE BEAUTIES OF BALI

New Studies by **E. O. Hoppe** of life in the Dutch East Indies, the latest Mecca of the American Globe-Trotter

AN EASTERN MERMAID: A typical Bali girl. They spend almost as much of their waking hours in, as out of, the water. The characteristic ear-ring set in the mutilated ear (seen in close-up in the small inset picture) is seen above

ORIENTAL CONTEMPLATION: A Bali girl, holding her inevitable cigarette in her beringed fingers. The heavily-pierced ear with its curious ear-ring is characteristic

Only recently have the Dutch East Indies come into their own as one of the sight-seeing centres of the world. Now a weekly boat lands globe-trotting Americans at Bali (or Little Java)—a place of wonderfully exotic atmosphere and Oriental enchantment. The women are exceedingly beautiful judged by Eastern standards and, in some cases, even by the Western æsthetic. The Dutch rule preserves the natives in much of their pristine charm, to retain which tourists are limited to a twenty-four hour stay. Although in special circumstances such restrictions may be relaxed, settling is very definitely discouraged. Certain religious practices recall Hinduism, but these are only incidental and sporadic. The exports of the island are rice, coffee, tobacco, edible birds' nests, hides, and oil, but it is known mainly neither for its commerce nor even for its volcano, Gunung Agung, but for its ritual dances, special pictures of which were published some weeks ago in "The Sphere." The dancers, who are unpaid, are trained from the age of four and enact in strict formality and conventionality themes in Hindu myths. They are usually dressed in cloth of gold and by the age of eleven are quite mature in appearance.

"AS ITHERS SEE US"

A Dutch Visitor's English Impressions and Other Literary Matters

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Here is a good book. Buy it. *The English: Are they Human*, by G. J. Renier (Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.). I say buy it, because it is difficult to decide which is the more entrancing—the text or the illustrations. Mr. Renier is a Dutchman. He has learnt our language too well, for his mastery has led him into the sheer delight of writing long, complicated sentences, but this verbosity is occasional. On most occasions he is trenchant, witty, satirical, and devastatingly intelligent. He knows all about us, and much more than we are ever likely to know ourselves. It is one of the tragedies or blessings of life that no man can see the back of his own head or know what he looks like from behind as he shuts the gate of "Herculaneum" and hurries for the 9.15.

The Germans live in Germany;
The Romans live in Rome;
The Turkeys live in Turkey;
But the English live at home.

With this quotation Herr Renier begins his survey. As a discerning critic I think he ranks as high as M. André Siegfried. He is more severe but less logical, and when the Latin author attempted to apply logic to his study of the English he failed because we are fundamentally an illogical race. While we always insist that summer will be here to-morrow, we insist also that with it will come bankruptcy. And neither ever really comes. There is always a depression moving over us to keep our spiritual barometer low. And yet, so contradictory are we, Herr Renier saw at once that we are the one race which has really learned how to laugh, not like anyone else, of course, but in a special manner that we prefer to label as humorous.

"Let me risk a definition of humour as it strikes me. It is, I think, the capacity possessed by the overwhelming majority of Englishmen to laugh or at least to smile in circumstances where normal human beings curse or cry."

He then cites the instance in which our men went over the top shouting "Marmalade" as a battle-cry, whereas the Germans sang hymns or the French swore or trembled. "You may fight such a people. You may trade with them. But what an undertaking to try and live among them!" comments Herr Renier. He finds us a mass of contradictions. Our secular State possesses an Established Church, our Liberals are conservative, the Conservative Party contains Radicals like Lord Henry Bentinck, our sport-dominated Universities produce some of the greatest scholars, our papers are filled with satiric comments on taxation and we pay immense sums with alacrity, our food is among the worst, and our table manners are the best in the world.

And touching upon this phrase, "the best in the world," Herr Renier devotes a whole chapter to our conceit in this matter. The Americans have not a monopoly of the biggest and best, but whereas they assert their superiority we assume it. London is the healthiest city in the world, declares a daily newspaper. "Anybody who has compared the dust-carts of Dutch and German cities with the censers that spread their dubious perfumes through the streets of the English metropolis will share the enthusiasm of *The Star*, comments our friend. He pursues his quotation of our self-applauded merits mercilessly until the final moment when a travelling party of master bakers, returning from a tour of the Continent, declared "we did not find an honest British bun anywhere in Europe." Possibly because one could not find a stomach capable of digesting one. But British stomachs are best, doubtless.

Herr Renier certainly has an ingenious suggestion to make in explanation of the animal worship that dominates the people of these islands. He suggests it is a form of sex repression, and, turning to this last aspect of ourselves, he is brutally frank.

"Do the English know that the majority of Frenchmen, although too polite to tell them so, are convinced that the percentage of homosexuals in England is unusually high? Are they aware that on the Continent English women are supposed to be physically frigid, but morally perverse and sadistic?"

Herr Renier's observations upon our attitude towards sexual matters, particularly the attitude of our laws, express his amazement at our obtuseness, to use the kindest word. We deliberately manufacture blackmailers and employ the *agent provocateur* in pursuit of an exaggerated definition of public morality, while some of our Sunday papers "give a synopsis of all the gruesome and unsavoury events of the weeks." We are sex starved and reluctant to marry, but not, asserts Herr Renier, virtuous therefore.

"Englishmen can sin, even though they do it sadly, and cry like carpenters and walruses over the oysters they are eating. Brighton remains, and London for those who do not live there, and Paris for those who do."

Like most foreigners, he notices our reluctance to be thought clever. We have the healthiest literature in the world (there we go again!), but the writers of it have to apologize for their existence. There is something a little queer about Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett, Shaw, etc. Only abnormal people are clever like these, and until these writers are really famous one does not ask them into one's house. A good batting average will do more for you than a good sonnet. The tarring and feathering of Rima was not so much a demonstration against Epstein as against any form of art, pseudo or otherwise.

Perhaps Herr Renier is a little too severe on us in this respect. No one has ever tarred and feathered the Albert Memorial or the Nurse Cavell Memorial—the latter surely the world's (again!) worst atrocity in stone. We are great respecters of personifications. Herr Renier is most severe upon our frailties when he comes to our judicial system. He has no use for the British jury system, that L.C.M. of the legal process which procures for us the lowest common mentality in dealing with justice.

"It seems to me that if the judges are what they should be they have no need of twelve lay-assessors. Personally, if I were unfortunate enough to find myself before a tribunal, I should prefer to be judged by one half-prejudiced and half-enlightened man than by twelve prejudiced and unenlightened persons."

This is in keeping with the barrister's private opinion of any jury, which would shock most laymen. There was a famous K.C. who, on passing a fish shop, caught sight of gaping cod and exclaimed: "That reminds me, I must address a special jury to-morrow." But our belief in the deep virtue of the jury system is quite unassailable. Herr Renier finds our justice harsh, the law a *lex talionis*. "The nation loves its executioners, and experiences a thrill of self-righteous satisfaction at the news of each artificial extinction of human life." Our love of the gallows, he thinks, is far from being on the wane.

Herr Renier does not spare us, but he is never without humour, and under it all one has a feeling that with all our faults we are a lovable race provided the foreigner is willing to concede that we are a race apart. The English gentleman is a special creation. There is a delightful illustration that typifies this hypothesis. It shows a gallant figure, attired in frock-coat and top hat, arising from the waves. In his left hand he holds a flag, with his right hand he gravely salutes the beckoning hand of God which appears from out of a cloud. The caption runs, "When Britain first at Heaven's command arose from out the azure main." I never before realized how presumptuously funny those lines are. Happily his chapter on our class distinctions will soon be out of date. He sees us, as a race, divided sharply by the letter "h" into those who use the aspirate and those who do not. The distinction is rapidly disappearing, and in his analysis of the public school tradition he is merciless towards Arnoldism, which he asserts manufactured a race of prigs. Herr Renier is apt to apply his theory of psychological ritualism to all aspects of our public life, and like all theories it is faulty in generalization. Nevertheless, his book is bright with wit, toleration, and kindliness. For all our follies he likes us, and if he laughs at us from time to time he gives a reason that sets us laughing with him.

Miss Sackville West in her new novel, *All Passion Spent* (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.), is again dealing in retrospect. I thought *The Edwardians* the best novel she had written; she thought it was one of the worst. I do not know what she feels about *All Passion Spent*, but again my admiration is captured by the keenness of her observations, the knife-like qualities of her incisive prose, above all, the sheer beauty of this retrospect of an old woman's life. We meet Lady Slane, aged eighty, just after the death of her husband, the great Earl of Slane, an ex-Viceroy of India, who had been so long in the public eye that he seemed irremovable. The family is collected in the drawing-room, six of them, and the future of Lady Slane is discussed. She is old, she is lonely, she is poor, and very dutifully they begin to make competitive sacrifices on her behalf, when the dear old lady, who all her life had been so docile and obedient, suddenly decides to live her own life. She has seen a house at Hampstead, that is, she saw it thirty years ago. She wants to live in it and be alone. The horrified family are compelled to acquiesce. A few weeks later we sit with Lady Slane on the little terrace before her garden, where the sunlight is warm and the odour of peaches is in the air, and thus in the evening of life, we travel with her through a long life of defeat, of futility in the grand game of duty beautifully performed. We see young Mr. Holland, so firmly destined for greatness, sweeping her up as he swept up everything he wanted. We see the excitement that follows the betrothal, people arriving with gifts, "her mother with enough linen to rig a wind-jammer," the rule of matriarchy in an age when woman's duty was to minister to man.

Now, in the evening of life she has new excitements. There is old Mr. Bucktrout, her landlord, Genoux her old maid, and suddenly, out of her past, old FitzGeorge, the millionaire miser, who renews a courtship, never expressed, begun over forty years before, when a sprightly young traveller had first seen and never forgotten the beautiful Vicereine.

And that is all the story. They just died, one by one, all passion spent, but what loveliness there is in the telling of this story! It is like a bowl of *pot-pourri* emanating from the fragrance of the gathered years, a little sad, withered with the dust of time.

Mr. John Drinkwater is somewhat indignant because the critics have expressed surprise that he should have undertaken to write *The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle* (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), the poor German-Jew emigrant who rose to be a film magnate and founded Universal City. Mr. Drinkwater's interest is based on a study that reveals qualities of tenacity, astuteness, foresight. We see a small man fighting a big trust in an atmosphere of vulgar abuse that stuns polite English ears. Here is a cross-section of American life almost as fantastic as anything Laemmle ever created on the films. At fifty he had won the fight and was established. The ground was cleared; his best work was before him. Mr. Drinkwater, against the fashion of the age, has put up a splendid defence for the man of fifty. It is such a good antidote to the too-old-at-forty disease that it deserves to be remembered.

"Take away from Hardy, Bridges, Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, and Yeats the work done since the age of fifty, and you would in every case take away something of the highest importance. And who among the younger men excels not the early but the recent work of these? By all the tokens, never was there a time when the man of fifty could more confidently look forward to achievement yet to come."

I do not think English readers will find *Stresemann*, by Antonina Vallentin (Constable. 15s.), of much interest. To the student of Anglo-German relations, and the post-war field of politics it will be an essential book, but for the general reader this life is too concerned with German politics and the grouping of German parties to be intelligible. Moreover, one can scarcely bury the antipathy that Stresemann's pre-war career creates. He was a Junker of Junkers, a fight-to-the-end, a great-hate orator who rejoiced in the U-boat campaign, believed in everything the war-leaders told him, and subscribed to the divine right of the House of Hohenzollern to march in jack-boots over the rest of humanity. His conversion was one of force rather than of heart. He redeemed himself at Geneva, but it scarcely balanced the evil of long years of advocacy of the mailed fist. He was a German patriot without qualifications, and in German eyes he is deserving of gratitude. The chief interest that emerges from this book is the portrait of Lord D'Abernon. We are so accustomed to believe that we are represented abroad by a brood of numbskulls that the glowing tribute to the genius of Lord D'Abernon, and the prestige he created, is accepted with deep relief.

Recommended List:

I Have no Regrets, *by Lieutenant Bringolt* **(Jarrolds. 18s. net).**—Bringolt was a German attaché, a gigolo, waiter, spy, soldier of fortune, decorated with the Legion of Honour, member of the Foreign Legion, a frequenter of prisons and courts. An incredible story of adventure that makes Dumas a feeble historian.

The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc (Broadway Medieval Library. 15s. net).—A complete translation of the original documents of the trial.

Vanished Fleets, *by A. J. Villiers* **(Geoffrey Bles. 16s. net).**—The early days of Australia in the windjammer period, with portraits of Captain Kelly and Jurgen Jurgensen. The settlement of Hobart and the palmy days of whaling are vividly narrated.

The Stolen Cellini, *by Alan Thomas* **(Benn. 7s. 6d. net).**—A twin-detective novel. A thin paper novel but not a thin story.

London for Everyman, *by W. Kent* **(J. M. Dent. 2s. 6d. net).**—An admirable pocket guide, with forty-eight maps and street index.

England of the Windmills, *by S. P. B. Mais* **(Dent. 7s. 6d. net).**—Mr. Mais has had the happy idea of making a tour of England's windmills. In his breezy fashion he takes us through the counties, though it is the flat counties that contribute chiefly. The book is admirably illustrated and Mr. Mais is an ideal companion for this original journey.

ART *of the* WEEK *in the* SALE ROOMS

"WILLIAM ABERCROMBIE, ESQ., OF GLASSAUGH" by GILBERT STUART: The eldest son of the C.-in-C. at the Battle of Ticonderoga, in scarlet coat, yellow blue-lined waistcoat, and powder wig

"RICHARD MEYLER, ESQ., WHEN A CHILD" by GEORGE ROMNEY: A curiously feminine treatment of the son of Richard Meyler of Jamaica, who was educated at Eton and Christchurch and sat as M.P for Winchester from 1812–18, when he died at the early age of twenty-six

"MADAME TALLIEN" by J. L. DAVID: A fine portrait by the great painter of the French Revolution who, before 1789 specialized in classical subjects and after 1804 was Court painter to Napoleon. A member of the Convention and the Committee of Public Safety, he was imprisoned after Robespierre's fall and after the Bourbon restoration banished as a regicide. It is to be sold at Sotheby's on June 10

"SIR PETER LEICESTER, BART., AND COLONEL CLAYTON SHOOTING IN TABLEY PARK" by ARTHUR DEVIS: Sir Peter is seen holding a gun and a woodcock which he is showing to his companion, who is engaged in reloading his gun. In the background is the game-keeper, laden with hares and partridges. This and the two top pictures are to be sold at Christie's on June 12

CANINE CATAPULTS

A Page for Dog Lovers

"THE DOGS" ON THE RIVIERA: Terriers in full cry after the electric rat at Villefranche, where Captain and Mrs. Russell Roberts have organized the latest form of racing for the first time on the Côte d'Azur

SHORT LEGS NO BARRIER: Sealyhams, Aberdeens, and Cairns provided excellent sport at Villefranche, where Captain and Mrs. Russell Roberts organized both for trained and untrained dogs the first races of this now popular type seen on the Riviera

TWELVE HANDS HIGH! Brutus Boy, a magnificent Alsatian belonging to Mrs. Harding, takes a flying leap over six pairs of hands at the Alsatian trials held at the Crystal Palace at the end of last month. Not only the height but the length of the leap is remarkable. The reputation for ferocity this breed has acquired is largely exaggerated

WELL OVER: A champion Afghan hound enjoys strenuous morning exercise in Kensington Gardens. Afghan hounds are becoming ever more popular in England

WHAT'S THE JOKE? Four young St. Bernards, sired by Marquess of Sebek, the champion belonging to Mr. Dovey of New Barnet, wonder what their three-year-old friend finds so amusing

The JUNE PRAM SEASON

Vignettes in the Park

PERAMBULATORY GOSSIP: Miss Mary Elizabeth Hoare, daughter of Major and Mrs. C. E. Hoare, with Master Christopher Turner, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, and grandson of Sir Claude and Lady Schuster, compare notes in Kensington Gardens

STAGE-AND-SOCIETY: Lady Lindsay Hogg (centre) with her son in his pram, accompanied by Miss Benita Hume, hurries home during a shower. Lady Lindsay Hogg (Miss Frances Doble) makes a welcome return to the stage in The Old Man

BIG BOY AND LITTLE BOY: Master Mark Romer shows mechanical interest, although his method of riding is unconventional, while his brother, Master Ian Romer, looks on with stolid approval. They are the sons of Mr. Charles Romer, the distinguished barrister

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS FROM ABROAD: Master Joaquim and Miss Veronica, the children of Señor and Señora Muñoz Arlegui. Miss Veronica shows markedly aquatic leanings in her amusements—being (probably) bound for the Round Pond

WHERE CHILDREN ARE NURSES! Master Paul Hyde Thompson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hyde Thompson, with Miss Shellia and Miss Elizabeth Sim, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Sim, push their own and their dolls' prams indiscriminately in Kensington Gardens

SINGLE DECKER, DOUBLE ENDER: Miss Elizabeth and Master Robin Tapply, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tapply, enjoy wakefulness and somnolence in one of London's greenest corners in Kensington Gardens

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

WOMEN OF TO-DAY

IV.—THE HOSTESS: Lady Londonderry

The last great hostess in the grand manner. Lady Londonderry is indeed a resplendent personality and yet she is intensely human. I had always imagined her as an unapproachable *grande dame*, graciously charming, but aloof. Therefore I was agreeably surprised when I was introduced to a tall, beautiful woman, full of sympathy and charm, who immediately began telling me about her youngest daughter with all the delightful enthusiasm of a parent. But Lady Londonderry is Irish, and undoubtedly that accounts for her rare charm and vivacity.

The daughter of the late Viscount Chaplin, the famous old sportsman who was always known as "The Squire," she was brought up in the heart of the great aristocratic tradition and the art of entertaining is part of her heritage. And, without a doubt, in the public eye, the woman is inclined to be forgotten behind the figure of the hostess — for surely it is as the official hostess of the Conservative Party that Lady Londonderry will be remembered?

Lady Londonderry was the first hostess to realize that a political reception need not be dull. Her guests are always varied and interesting, and she has revolutionized the old-style reception by introducing dancing afterwards. And who can forget those great receptions at Londonderry House! The lofty entrance-hall aglitter with lights and the great gilded staircase with its statuary banked on each side with a magnificent profusion of flowers, and then, at the head of the staircase with the leader of the party by her side, stands the hostess—Lady Londonderry, a magnificent figure in her rich brocaded gown and wearing the famous Londonderry jewels. And as one watches the 2,000 guests go up the staircase to be greeted by their hostess and then pass into the splendid green and gold reception rooms beyond one realises here is English entertaining at its height and English life in all its dignified magnificence.

Lady Londonderry is that rare combination—a clever and brilliant woman and at the same time one of the best sportswomen in the peerage. Inheriting her father's love of the turf, she is a great racing enthusiast and loves riding. Married to the Marquess of Londonderry, she is the châtelaine of many great houses, and much of her time is occupied in looking after the famous pictures and treasures they contain.

She has recently redecorated the library at Londonderry House so that it can house one of the gems of the Londonderry collection of pictures — the famous painting of "Hambletonian" by Stubbs, and I was specially invited to see the picture in its new setting. Lady Londonderry has a very discriminating knowledge of pictures, and certainly "Hambletonian" deserves the magnificent setting it has been given.

The library is a long lofty room panelled in brown and gold and the walls are lined with books and family portraits. Lofty windows, curtained in brocaded golden-brown velvet, overlook the trees in Hyde Park, and the painting, which is very large, has been set in a large panel at one end of the room. The horse "Hambletonian" is painted life size and shows this famous racehorse with its trainer and jockey. It is dated 1800, and is painted with an amazing sense of movement and design, and is judged to be the finest of all this sporting painter's work, and Stubbs is an English painter whose work is now in great demand and immensely valuable. Set at the end of the great long library this painting, set in the brown and gold panelling, is seen to magnificent advantage.

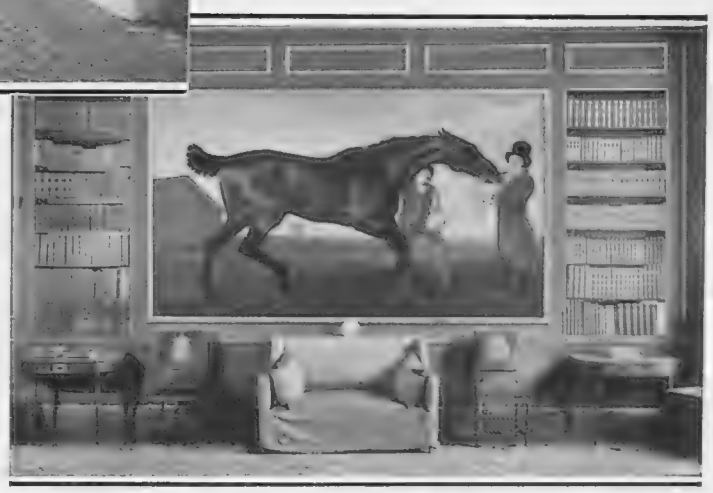
Lady Londonderry told me a charming story of how, when she and her husband were away in Spain, her daughter missed her so much, and the old Irish legends that she used to tell the child, that she continued to tell her the stories in her letters. With the eagerness of a child, Lady Mary Stewart treasured all these tales, and later they were collected and published by Macmillan under the title of *The Magic Inkpot*. The book was illustrated by another of Lady Londonderry's daughters, Lady Margaret Stewart, and dedicated to "Captain" Stewart—the name which Lady Mary gave herself in her games. Apart from this charming book of fairy stories, Lady Londonderry has also written a very able life of her father, Lord Chaplin.

Known to her intimate friends as "Circe," Lady Londonderry has the charm and fascination of that legendary lady, and combining as she does the talents of a great hostess with wit, sympathy, and cleverness, she is undoubtedly one of the outstanding personalities of our day.

Derek Patmore

Exclusive pictures by special permission of the Right Hon. Marquess of Londonderry

The library at Londonderry House, Park Lane, is a long lofty room panelled in dark brown and gold, and is lined with bookcases and family portraits. The tall windows command a lovely view over Hyde Park



The dark brown and gold panelling provides a magnificent setting for Stubbs' famous painting of "Hambletonian" — the racehorse — which, dated 1800, is one of the gems of the Londonderry collection. This painting by the famous English sporting painter has recently been on loan at the National Gallery and has only just been installed at Londonderry House

Lady Londonderry

What to do with A SMALL LONDON GARDEN

The Advice of an Expert

BY MAJOR J. BOWATER VERNON

During the last few years the problem of dealing with the various spaces adjoining town houses has become increasingly important, probably owing to the fact that so many people have had to give up their country houses, and having been accustomed to a garden are anxious to make the most of the ground at their disposal.

It was thought by many people to be almost impossible to grow flowers in a big town, but to-day we know that by taking thought this can be achieved. One of the difficulties which presents itself is the Victorian plan of having the beds placed under the walls, with a path next to them, and usually a piece of more or less indifferent turf in the centre. If, however, the positions of the path and beds are transposed so as to bring the latter into the light, one has a much better chance of success.

If it is desired to have grass it is better to use a rather coarse meadow turf than to attempt the finer grasses, and though it will require more attention than in the country there are many town gardens where it thrives.

With regard to flowers, it may be seen from a casual glance at a garden during a stroll down Pembroke Walk that it is possible to have quite a reasonable display. Tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, and other bulbous plants grow admirably, provided good heavy bulbs are bought, but it is inadvisable to use the same bulbs twice if you wish to be sure of avoiding blind gaps, and as a principle it is better to use varieties which have been established for some time, as newer varieties are more uncertain. I suggest for hyacinths the dark King of the Blues, the lighter Queen of the Blues, Yellow Hammer and City of Haarlem, and the pale pink Jaques and Lady Derby; for tulips Pride of Haarlem or Clara Butt, and almost any variety of daffodil, while with crocuses it will be found that the blues and whites are less damaged by sparrows than the yellow ones.

In most gardens there is a side which is tolerably sunny, and provided large plants are obtained in the first instance, the hardier herbaceous plants have a reasonable chance of living through the winter, though the percentage of losses is bound to be greater than in the country. Helenium, rudbeckia, golden rod, lupin, the old-fashioned red pæony, many varieties of iris, hollyhocks, coreopsis, shasta daisy, mallow, dielytra, doronicum, erigeron, chrysanthemums, most varieties of Michaelmas daisies, geums, heuchera, iberis, valerian, and creeping jenny, thrift, aquilegia will all do well, and many varieties of lilies grow splendidly. The commoner kinds of delphinium may be grown, but as the losses are greater one should treat them more or less as annuals. In the more open gardens and with a little knowledge carnations and pinks may be grown. If the garden is so designed as to have a lily pool with some damp part round it, water lilies will grow admirably. There are growing in Pembroke Square trollius, spirea, the common yellow water iris, marsh marigolds, and many other water plants. For annuals and bi-annuals one has a very large variety from which to choose: polyanthus and primroses of all kinds, forget-me-nots, wallflower, cheiranthus (this has a very telling colour and does extremely well), pansies and violas, sweet William, Canterbury bells of all kinds, scabious, verbena (which looks so well growing among nepeta), and the beautiful blue variety, verbena venosa, which comes later in the season and flowers prolifically.

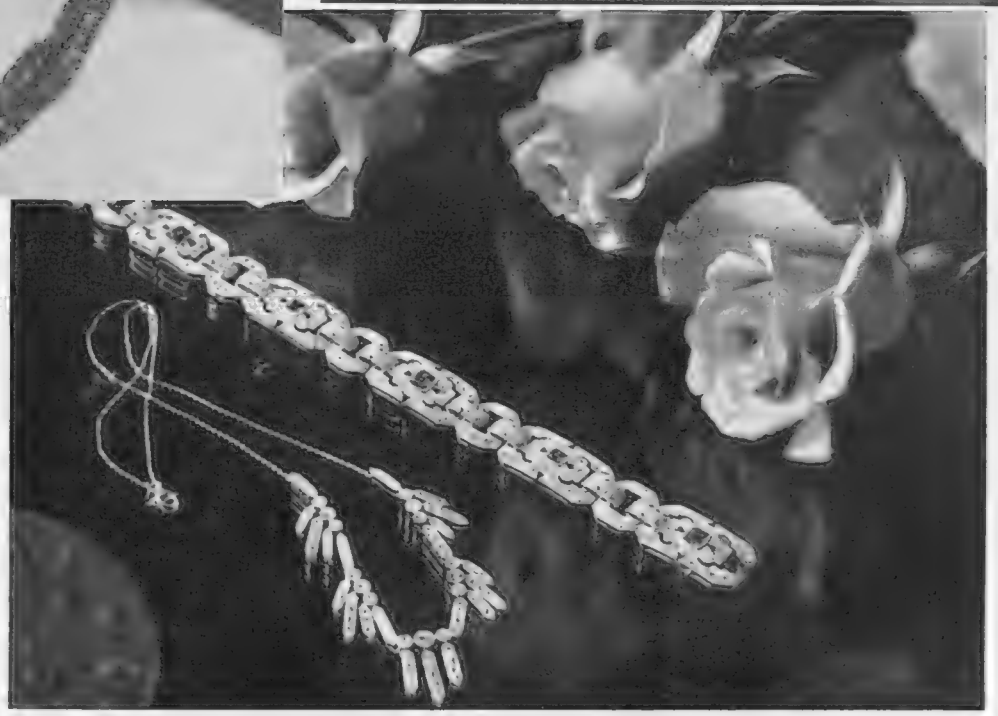
THE BEAUTY OF TULIPS: A garden in Upper Cheyne Row

Roses may be grown in some cases, but owing to their short flowering season are hardly worth the space, and they are better used to cover walls. The most successful way of clothing the many ugly walls with creepers is to cover them first with trelliage, as this allows ventilation besides making a hold for the climbers, and has the additional advantage of preventing accumulations of dead leaves, which so often make an attractive home for slugs and other pests. There are many creeping plants to choose from, among roses the most useful being Alberic Barbier, Paul Scarlet climber, and Dr. Van Fleet, magnolia, wisteria, pyrus japonica, cotoneaster, three kinds of jasmin, forsythia, everlasting pea, ceanothus all do well, and in very difficult places the walls may be clothed with polygonum, and ampelopsis Veitchii or Henrii, which will grow almost anywhere. Ivy should be avoided as it collects snails and dirt. It is better not to use evergreens, which carry the Winter dirt on into the Spring. Shady corners are a problem with which one often has to deal. Where there are trees which drip one can do little or nothing, but where there is merely lack of sun the following will be found useful: foxgloves, monkshood, funkia, Solomon's seal, tobacco, fuchsias, heliotrope (the last two actually growing better in half shade than in full sun), hydrangeas, and ferns, to mention only a few.

The Art of the MODERN JEWELLER

A charming necklace composed of fine rows of ruby beads with an emerald tube bordered by rubies and diamonds as the centre-piece. The ear-rings are of carved rubies and brilliants, the whole making a most attractive and inexpensive set. From Cartier, Ltd.

A delightful group of black, white and pink pearls. The neat brooch shown on the right is composed of a pink, a black and a white pearl. The stud ear-rings on left are white pearls. From James Ogden and Sons, Ltd., of London and Harrogate



The delicate fringe necklace of glittering diamonds set in platinum is reminiscent of a bygone century. The diamond and emerald flexible bracelet is a fine specimen of the art of the modern jeweller. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street

A group of jewels from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd. The flexible bracelet is composed of diamonds and sapphires, and the ring, watch, and ear-rings are to match. The watch has a pleasing sapphire-blue cord the exact shade of the jewels

THE WORLD OF WOMEN
—continued

From Wilson and Gill, Ltd., of Regent Street, comes this graceful pair of sapphire and diamond ear-rings. The right-hand ring is composed of sapphire and diamonds, the other of diamonds, and the chic necklace is carried out in cornelian and crystal

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

SWEDEN: The Country of Unusual Holidays

One of the Greatest Change of Surroundings is in the Land of the "Lion of the North"

By STERLING BRACKE

It is curious to watch most people turn instinctively to the South when searching a map for their holidays. A kind of unspoken but fully accepted legend has taken root in most minds to the effect that one must go south for sunshine and warmth.

Now, this is legend, and no more than legend; for anyone conversant with Europe will hesitate before travelling South in the summer. The sun is there certainly; but for many people rather too much of it. The wise traveller will turn his face the other way for a change. And when he does so, he finds not only a sun just as hot as ours in England, and much longer lasting every day, but also an almost complete absence of the enormous tourist traffic which is rapidly de-nationalizing the unhappy South. For it is, curiously enough, just as much an accepted fact that the North is cold as it is that the South is warm. In winter the supposition is correct enough; but in summer, no—nothing can be farther from the truth. Yet only in the past few years have visitors in any numbers dared to risk the terrors of a northern summer.

SUMMER IN A WINTRY LAND: The tourist station at Abisko, Lapland

This will introduce you to a country which—fortunately for those who do discover it—has never yet had its due as a holiday centre. Of all the North European countries, Sweden, with the possible exception of Finland, is the least known, but he would be a bold man who said that the neglect was deserved. Sweden is ideal for the English tourist for a number of reasons. The Swedes are spotlessly clean; not only in the big hotels of their cities, but equally in the smaller country hotels and pensions. Travel in Sweden is remarkably comfortable, speedy and inexpensive. English is taught in Swedish schools as a standard subject, and the language difficulty, therefore, does not arise. And perhaps, above all, the Swedes are particularly glad to see us; there is a marked bias throughout the country in favour of English people.

WHERE CHILDREN LOOK LIKE DOLLS: A child at Dalecarlia, Sweden, sewing a doll's dress

Added to all this is the truly enormous range of holiday attractions. Sweden is a big country (it is two days' full journey from south to north), and it offers within its frontiers almost every type of holiday one can desire. If one asks no more than sea and sand and sunshine with the additional spice of a strange background and a foreign tongue in one's ears, then any one of half a hundred places from the fortress-crowned island of Marstrand on the rocky west coast to Dalaro on the east coast of Sweden will meet your need. There are busy towns, shy villages, great hotels, tiny pensions, boats galore, fishing, and innumerable walks among the ruined castles inland.

But suppose that you want something a little more than this, a little out of the ordinary. Very well; in the Baltic, twelve hours by comfortable boat from Stockholm, is the medieval city of Visby on the Island of Gothland. It offers a picture rarely before the European traveller's eyes; the four miles of massive wall, surmounted by its thirty-seven battlemented towers, encircling the city; ruined churches—eleven of them; old, winding, cobbled streets; thirteenth-century houses; the whole just as it was hundreds of years ago save for the heavy hand of time. Visby has not been "restored." It has not been spoiled by modernity. And yet, not far away, are fine hotels, bathing beaches, wonderful dance floors; so in Visby you may taste 1361 and 1931 within the hour.

And if that does not appeal to you, then you can make your way by Stockholm, with its islands and bridges, to Rattvik in Dalecarlia. Arrive in Rattvik, if you can, on June 23. That is Midsummer Eve; and Midsummer Eve in Dalecarlia is an experience not to be missed. In all the towns round great Lake Siljan, tall maypoles, wreathed in green, spring up. Peasants gather from near and far, clad in their bright costumes. They dance through the night round the maypoles, and in the morning of Midsummer Day they process demurely to their white churches. Perhaps there is nowhere else in Europe where such a sight is to be seen, free from organization and from big tourist "business." There is none of that in Dalecarlia. The Dalecarlians dress as they do because they wish to wear their local costumes. They keep Midsummer Eve because it has been a Dalecarlian custom for many centuries. They are glad to see you—but rather as fellow revellers than as curious spectators.

But even Dalecarlia may not quite meet your need. Perhaps you would prefer a holiday even farther from the ordinary haunts of man. So we will take a train—a luxurious sleeper and restaurant train—for a day and a half from Stockholm, heading due north.

Through dense forests that pour by almost without end, over great rivers choked and swollen with thousands of logs to Boden, the great fortress town, where you change into an electric express, then still north into the mountain district, into the Arctic Circle (the only electric railway in the world to venture so far), and up to Abisko by great Lake Tornetrask, where, miles from anywhere, the Swedish Touring Club have built a hotel, which is as delightful as it is unexpected.

A hundred and fifty miles above the Arctic Circle, and hot, very very hot! A great staring sun that nothing—not even night—will induce to go down during midsummer. Lapps in their blue, red, and yellow costumes cluster about the door. Heavy-antlered reindeer graze on the mountain sides, and everywhere there is the murmur of innumerable waterfalls, the blaze of millions of wild flowers, the range of snowy peaks encircling the hotel, Lapp encampments of queer earthern tents set down by the blue water of the lake. All these things make an unforgettable holiday; a weird, strangely attractive, not-to-be-found-outside Lapland kind of holiday.

And even now, nothing has been said of the thrill of shooting the rapids by Kiruna in Lapland; of the mountains and lakes of Jämtland; of the wonderful river ride from Harnosand to Solleftea; of Värmland, the charming province which includes in miniature, within its boundaries, almost every variety of scenery in Sweden; or of the extraordinarily beautiful 350-mile sail through Sweden on the Göto Canal. . . . Truly, Sweden is a land of infinite variety!

The routes to Sweden are legion, but they may roughly be divided into those which are mostly by sea and those which are mostly by land. Of the former, the quickest route of all is the Swedish Lloyd line direct from Tilbury to Gothenburg (thirty-four hours; 1st return, from £13 10s.; 3rd return, £8 10s.). Of the latter, the quickest way is by Harwich–Rotterdam or the Hook to Hamburg, and thence by through carriage to the Sassnitz-Trolleborg train ferry across the Baltic (about thirty-six hours; cost approximately the same). Of course, the quickest way of all is by air from London—Malmö via Holland (eight hours; £12 single); 2nd class travel in Sweden is all that is necessary; indeed, many visitors find that the comfortable 3rd class carriages quite meet their need and nearly halve their travelling expenses. Hotel accommodation can be obtained from about 10s. to 12s. a day.

SWEDISH SCULPTURE: A notable example of the work of Milles, the famous Norse sculptor. It is the centre of the town fountain in Linkoping

GETTING READY *on the* DRIER SIDE of BRITAIN

THE RUINS OF A CISTERCIAN ABBEY: A general view of Rivaulx Abbey, one of the famous monuments of Catholic Britain

Notable improvements are now being made at many resorts in readiness for the forthcoming summer vacations. A nine-hole golf course is under construction at Hazelhead (Aberdeen), and additional tennis courts at Sunnyside. At Clacton the new £70,000 town hall has just been opened and bathing facilities are being augmented. Dunbar is to rejoice in a new bathing pavilion, while the pond and paddling pool are being improved. At Montrose the sea front and the golf course have been improved and amusements for children are under construction. At North Berwick there is improved accommodation at the swimming pond, while the new pavilion adjoining the esplanade has now been equipped with tea-rooms and provided with a musical company.

A new boating lake at North Bay is being laid out at Scarborough and a miniature lake is under construction. The North Bay promenade has been extended 800 ft. A great attraction will be the miniature railway that is to be constructed at North Bay. The track is to run through cuttings and tunnels and will be equipped with signals, level crossings, gradient-boards, etc. The train will be drawn by a 20-ft. model of the famous L.N.E.R. Pacific-class locomotive, and is capable of hauling forty tons. Other works include a model yachting pool, main roads to the mere, and a new bridge over the railway.

THE NORTHERN RICHMOND: A view from the banks of the Swale

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

"EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"

THE CATHAY LOUNGE: The great public rooms of the *Empress of Britain* have been designed by leading artists. This is the work of M. Edmond Dulac, the delineator of the fantasies of the *Arabian Nights*

THE PLACE OF PLAY: The first-class card-room

GODSPEED: The Prince of Wales, who flew to Southampton to inspect the giant liner, seen leaving at sailing time. H.R.H. afterwards watched the ship from the air as she steamed out of the harbour

Empress of Britain, the newest Canadian Pacific liner, inaugurates a revolutionary era in the construction of ocean greyhounds, for not only are size and speed the desiderata, but space has also been considered. The Prince of Wales, when present at the launching of the ship, said: "This vessel can be considered in construction as the last word in shipbuilding, and as regards her appointments she will have no rivals." Her mere dimensions are on the grand scale—42,500 gross tons, 758 ft. long, 97 ft. wide. In an age of speed, she is a fast ship. The Atlantic crossing is but a five-day run—and an easy one—for her. In only one direction is she not a record-maker, she does not aspire to carry record passenger lists but to increase the allotment of space and the measure of luxury for the individual passenger. Seventy per cent. of the apartments—it were insult to term them cabins or even state-rooms—have private baths. All of them have outside light and air—for there are no "inside" rooms. The old-style promenade deck gives place to a lounge deck, above which is a separate sports deck, on which is a full size tennis court. Above this is the sun deck, and below the lounge deck a huge and luxurious swimming pool. Her public rooms are the work of various noted artists. Sir Charles Allom, for example, has decorated the great central salon entitled "Mayfair"—a luxurious Renaissance *motif* being skilfully utilized. The ball-room shows the art of Sir John Lavery, with mirrored walls and a cabaret stage. M. Edmond Dulac is responsible for the Cathay Lounge—a marvel of occidentalized Oriental *décor*—while Mr. Frank Brangwyn has designed the main dining-room with notable and noble frescoes. A feature of this stately apartment is the fact that the tables are well separated to give as much privacy as possible to each party. The inimitable humour of Mr. Heath Robinson is to be seen in the Knickerbocker Bar, ornate with the "string-and-stamp-paper machinery" characteristic of him; while the same artist is seen in equally gay though not so sardonic mood in his treatment of the children's playroom. The Mall, an indoor promenade, is the work of Messrs. P. A. Staynes and A. H. Jones, while the Olympian pool with its glass ceiling is a veritable indoor Lido with Turkish and electric baths.

"ALL O.K.": Lowering the boats during the customary examination by the Board of Trade officials, who inspect the liner from stem to stern. Special practices are held to ensure that everything is in apple-pie order

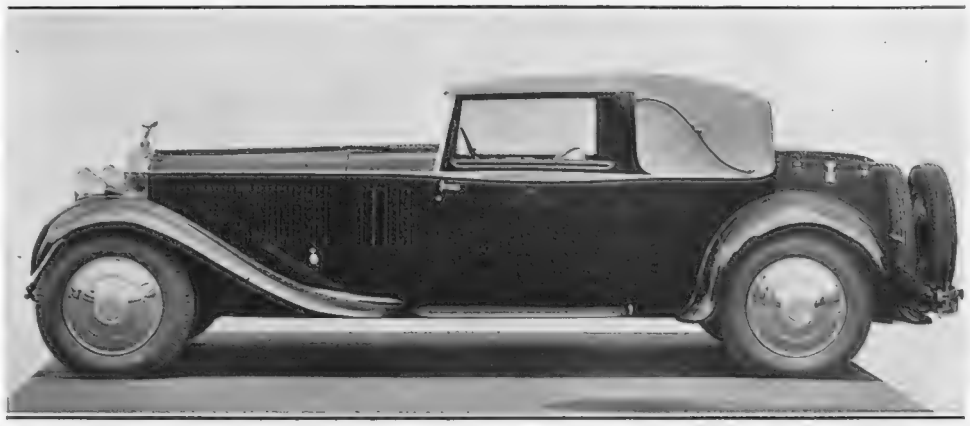
THE FLOATING CITY: This magnificent "Can.-Pac." liner is equipped with the most luxurious appointments. The service and cuisine transcend even the high standard of the line

The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

LONDON'S LOITERERS.—In my notes last week I referred to the crawling taxi-cab as one of the principal factors in the slowing down of London traffic, and it is therefore interesting to learn that only a few days ago the Ministry of Transport gave notice that they are issuing new regulations to deal with this nuisance in certain streets. Mr. Morrison is usually very thorough, and it therefore surprises me to learn that these new regulations are to be put into force in only thirteen London streets. I wonder why the hundreds of other streets are still to be permitted to be blocked by these loiterers. Surely if the crawling taxi-cab is an evil in one place it must be the same in every other London street except, perhaps, Kingsway, or one or two other thoroughfares which are particularly wide. So far as I can see, the trouble is universal in London, and it is therefore disappointing that the Ministry of Transport has proved itself half-hearted in its measures. Empty taxi-cabs are also forbidden to stop in any of the thirteen streets unless it is for the purpose of taking up a fare. Personally I cannot see the real meaning of this regulation, because a cab stops only when it is crawling to pick up a passenger or on account of a traffic block. I would have thought that there were enough taxi-cab ranks scattered throughout the West End to make it perfectly convenient for anyone wishing to drive in a cab to obtain one from the nearest cab stand. I am given to understand that the word "loitering" is defined as going slower than any other motor vehicles would when driven normally in the particular street. Such a definition is certainly satisfactory, and allows the police plenty of latitude in order to catch the offenders. We must only hope that the new regulations will speed up traffic so much in the streets to which they apply that Mr. Morrison will immediately see the wisdom of applying the principle throughout the West End of London.



ULTRA-MODERNITY: A Phantom II Rolls-Royce fitted with a Park Ward close-coupled coupe body seating five comfortably, with ample luggage accommodation in the rear. The panels and wings are finished in a bottle-green shade relieved by chromium mouldings

ROAD MANNERS.—If the Motor Mounted Police have relaxed their energies so far as obstruction caused by motorists leaving their cars in the streets of towns, they do not seem, from my observations, to be doing much work in putting down blatant bad road manners on the highways. Only the other day I came across several groups of cyclists evidently returning home after work at a factory. They were riding in some cases four abreast, but the majority were in threes. Just before I came to them I overtook a motor-cyclist policeman, and he appeared to me not to notice the danger which these cyclists were creating. There was quite an amount of traffic coming against me, and so the difficulty of overtaking the two-wheelers was considerable. This was certainly an occasion when the constable might have administered a strong caution without threatening any terrible penalties, but so far as I could see he ignored the whole position and did nothing. I am afraid that the new mobile Police Force are not going to be of any great practical use for quite a number of years. I suppose we ought not to be surprised, because almost without exception these constables are new motorists and know probably less about good manners on the road than the people they are supposed to correct.

AEROPLANE v. CAR.—The other day I was talking to a friend who is not only in the motor-trade but also in business for the business of selling aeroplanes. He told me that the week before he had the greatest difficulty in selling two cars, whereas people were clamouring for £1,000 aeroplanes. His position, of course, was a happy one, dealing as he did in both spheres, but a third person in the party when acquainted with these facts forecast a very gloomy future for the motor-trade. His contention was that as aeroplanes became more popular the demand for motor-cars would correspondingly decrease until the time arrived when no one would want to travel by road when they could move about by air. The air certainly is attracting more and more people, and I can see its popularity increasing in a staggering manner in the years to come, but I cannot foresee the aeroplane ever giving what I might call a knock-out blow to the motor-car. For instance, no one in their senses can imagine the housekeeper going shopping in an aeroplane, nor in fact for any short-distance work. The aeroplane, too, will have its scope very much limited until there are aerodromes all over the country. Just at present, when a journey is done by air, the pilot or his passengers must reach the flying-ground where their machine is housed by car. In order to reach their ultimate destination they must use another car unless their business happens to be actually on the aerodrome where they land. Making such a journey from house to house entails, therefore, the use of two motor-cars and one aeroplane, whereas if the air was left out one motor-car would suffice. In these conditions the popularity of aeroplanes should, if anything, increase the sales of cars rather than diminish them. Someone, however, is sure to remark that the aeroplane of the

(Continued on following page)

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The PETROL World — (cont.)

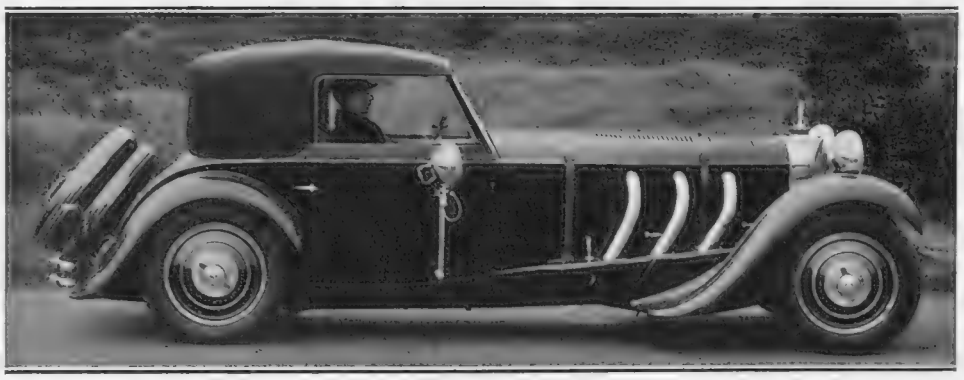
By A. Percy Bradley

future will be one which can rise and land vertically so that the owner can convert his own and his friends' tennis lawns into aerodromes. I am not a prophet, but I do know that notwithstanding what we read of in the Press that type of aeroplane has not yet arrived, and what is more its advent is not likely to take place for quite a long time. If I were in the motor-trade I would not spend many sleepless nights worrying about the effect of aeroplanes on my business.

THE NEWEST BENTLEY.—I have not yet driven the new 6-cylinder 4-litre Bentley, but it is a car of such unusual interest that some details of its design and specification will, I am sure, interest readers of THE SPHERE. Usually when a car manufacturer introduces a new model he is endeavouring to reach some definite ideal. With this new Bentley the makers have endeavoured in a medium-powered chassis to combine a super-high performance with extreme flexibility, at the same time giving freedom from vibration and unusual quietness. Since Bentley Motors, Limited, have retired from the racing track they have been able to direct the whole of their resources first on their 8-litre car and then on to this new 4-litre. Some time ago I gave my impressions of the 8-litre Bentley and, as I understand this new model is supposed to reproduce the performance and qualities of its larger stable companion, it should prove itself not only a remarkable but a popular car. Roomy coachwork can be fitted, in fact on the longer chassis a full seven-seater body can easily be mounted. A definite attempt and, I think, a successful one has been made to make this new chassis scientifically low-built. In order to arrive at this end a double-dropped frame has been employed, and this with a low transmission line allowed the makers to produce a type of chassis which is not only up to date but really safe. A new valve gear has been adopted in this new model. The mechanism is far simpler than is the case with the 8-litre engine, but this has only been brought about on account of the small size of the cylinders.

It is interesting to note too that a special form of combustion chamber has been developed, with the result that the makers claim that 30-brake h.p. per litre of capacity is given by the engine. This is certainly a remarkable result, bearing in mind that silence and smoothness of operation have been more than maintained. I also understand that, as in the case of the 8-litre, a very special suspension system has been evolved. I well remember how much I was impressed with the springing of the biggest Bentley, and if the new model is sprung as efficiently, and I believe that is the case, then I can confidently assert that it will be one of the most comfortable cars ever constructed. I think I have said enough to show that this new model is something out of the ordinary.

HILLMAN WIZARD B.A.: Mr. R. C. Rootes (centre), who has just returned from Buenos Aires, with Mr. Leeding, Chief Engineer, and Mr. Cook, Sales Director of Rootes (Argentina), Ltd.



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TATTOOING MADE EASY.—The Aldershot Tattoo will this year be held on Saturday, June 13, and from Tuesday, June 16, to Saturday, June 20. The R.A.C. will, for the ninth successive year, be responsible for the parking arrangements, and for this purpose will assemble at Rushmoor arena some 240 men. This is probably the largest parking staff ever employed at any function where motorists forgather. In addition to the force of guides required for actual parking duties, the R.A.C. will also staff a ring of traffic-control points within a certain radius of the tattoo ground which will be in telephone communication with the arena and by means of which the flow of traffic to Aldershot can be controlled. Notice boards indicating that all accommodation has been filled and that only ticket-holders should proceed will be available at certain of these points on the main roads radiating from the arena, the notices being displayed by the R.A.C. staff on receiving the requisite telephonic instructions. On these roads also the R.A.C. is erecting many hundreds of signs, illuminated and otherwise, indicating to drivers of vehicles the correct routes to the various parks and for the return journey to their destination. On arrival of a car or motor-coach at its appointed park, all passengers will be supplied with "location slips" indicating exactly where the vehicle has been parked so that it may be located with a minimum of delay after the performance. Within the parks special repair depôts are being arranged and in addition a number of dumps where motorists can fill up with petrol and oil.

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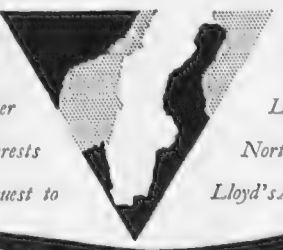

SWEDEN

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ART *in the* SALE ROOMS: *"The Sphere" Surveys the Great Auctions of London*

The Hirsch Pictures at Christie's Include Examples of the Art of Romney and "Conversation Pieces," while at Sotheby's a Burns Letter Heads a Remarkable Sale of Books and MSS.

The week after the Derby is to be a busy one for the sale-rooms, when rare furniture, books, pictures and tapestries will come under the hammer. The catalogues reveal lots of tremendous interest for specialists in all these branches, but perhaps it is the pictures which will attract most notice, and one can foresee a large crowd in Messrs. Christie's room on June 12, when there are to be two picture sales. The first one is the small but rare collection of Mr. Henry Hirsch, and the second is the property of various owners, but both sales contain pictures of the highest importance.

The Hirsch Pictures

A notable portrait among the Hirsch pictures is that of a Lady by Sir Antonio Mor, the Dutch artist who painted for Imperial Spain under Philip II. It was he who was sent by royal command to paint the portrait of Queen Mary Tudor, now in the Prado. The comparison between the pictures is rather remarkable; the attitude of the sitters, both stern featured women, in their great chairs, is similar, also the position of the hands.

There are two interesting group pictures, one by the Le Nain brothers and the other by Jan Steen. That by the Le Nains is a charming study of three children playing musical instruments and is justly entitled "A Merry Group." The genre picture by Jan Steen called "The Twelfth Night Feast" shows a tiny child, wearing a paper crown, standing upon a table among a family group. This picture is of a pleasant character, lacking the coarseness so frequent in the numerous paintings of the rapid artist who turned out no less than 889 known works.

Two Pictures of Card Players

Two pictures of card players strike attention, the works of John Opie and the Rev. M. W. Peters, both members of the Royal Academy when these pictures were painted. Opie shows card playing as a dainty pastime, the mother in the centre showing her winning hand, while a younger girl has just thrown down her cards, and a boy beside his mother is laughing. This has such a drawing-room charm that one almost questions the "incurable vulgarity" of which Opie is accused, and also his horrid habit of wiping his brushes on the window curtains in the houses where he was painting. The other card picture by the Rev. M. W. Peters was illustrated in the last number of THE SPHERE; it shows the folly and vice of card playing. The handsome young man is being cheated by the old man who is looking over his hand. Peters had been made R.A. in 1777 and shortly afterwards took the unusual step of becoming ordained. His early pictures were said to be unfit for the general public, but he afterwards painted religious and moral subjects.

Romney Portraits

Among the important pictures following the Hirsch collection are two portraits by Romney—one of Lady Wilhelmina Kerr, afterwards wife of Captain Macleod, and the other a full length portrait of Richard Meyler as a little boy, who afterwards became M.P. for Winchester at the age of twenty-two, dying four years later. This picture was recorded in Romney's account books, but was not traced until now.

"Conversation Pieces"

There are several of this type of picture, which is now much sought after—one by Arthur Devis showing Sir Peter Leicester and Colonel Clayton shooting in Tabley Park (1763), and two others by Philippe Le Mercier, a French artist domiciled in England, one showing Mr. Sharrington Davenport and his sporting friends, and the other his seven children, boys and girls, seated among classical ruins.

A Burns Letter

An autograph letter of Robert Burns will be sold at a particularly interesting three-day sale of books and manuscripts at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 8, 9, and 10. This letter was written from Ellisland, September 5, 1788—in it he complains, "here I am in the middle of harvest without good weather when I have Reapers, and without Reapers when I have good weather." There are several Naval letters, including some from Nelson and others of modern interest, especially those from Oscar Wilde to Sir George Alexander concerning his play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*.

Silver, Tapestry, and Furniture

Some fine old English silver, including some beautiful seventeenth century silver porringers, is to be sold at Messrs. Christie's on June 16; the Hirsch collection of old English Furniture and Chinese Porcelain on June 10, and some remarkable Gothic Tapestries are to be sold on June 11, both at Messrs. Christie's.

Prices of the Past Weeks

SPHERE readers will be interested to know that the Howard Grace Cup fetched £11,000, and that it is now the property of the nation, having been purchased by Lord Wakefield, who presented it to the Victoria and Albert Museum. There was great interest in the sale, for it was not known if there was any reserve, and for such a unique object there is no standard of comparison. A Russian gold tea service, once belonging to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was sold at Messrs. Christie's for £1,550, who also had the selling of the Howard Grace Cup.

Sporting pictures maintained their reputation for high prices, when three (out of a set of four) fox-hunting pictures by Dean Wolstenholme, fetched £2,000 at Messrs. Sotheby's on May 13, a sheet of studies of a young woman by Antoine Watteau realized £1,550, and a Canaletto, a view of the Canale di San Marco, was sold for £820.

The Ruskin library and manuscripts, which were sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on May 18, showed a decline in Ruskin interest as the bidding never rose very high. A lot consisting of the Oxford Lectures on Modern Painters and Florentine Artists fetched £70.

A CHRISTENING OF DISTINCTION

One of the prettiest christenings of the year was that celebrated when Master James Alexander, the son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. R. Macdonald-Buchanan, was given his names at Brompton Oratory last Monday. The godmother is Lady Manton, for whom Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan stood proxy; the godfathers are Lord Forteviot, Brigadier-General A. J. Turner, and Captain Eric Stocks. Father John Talbot officiated.

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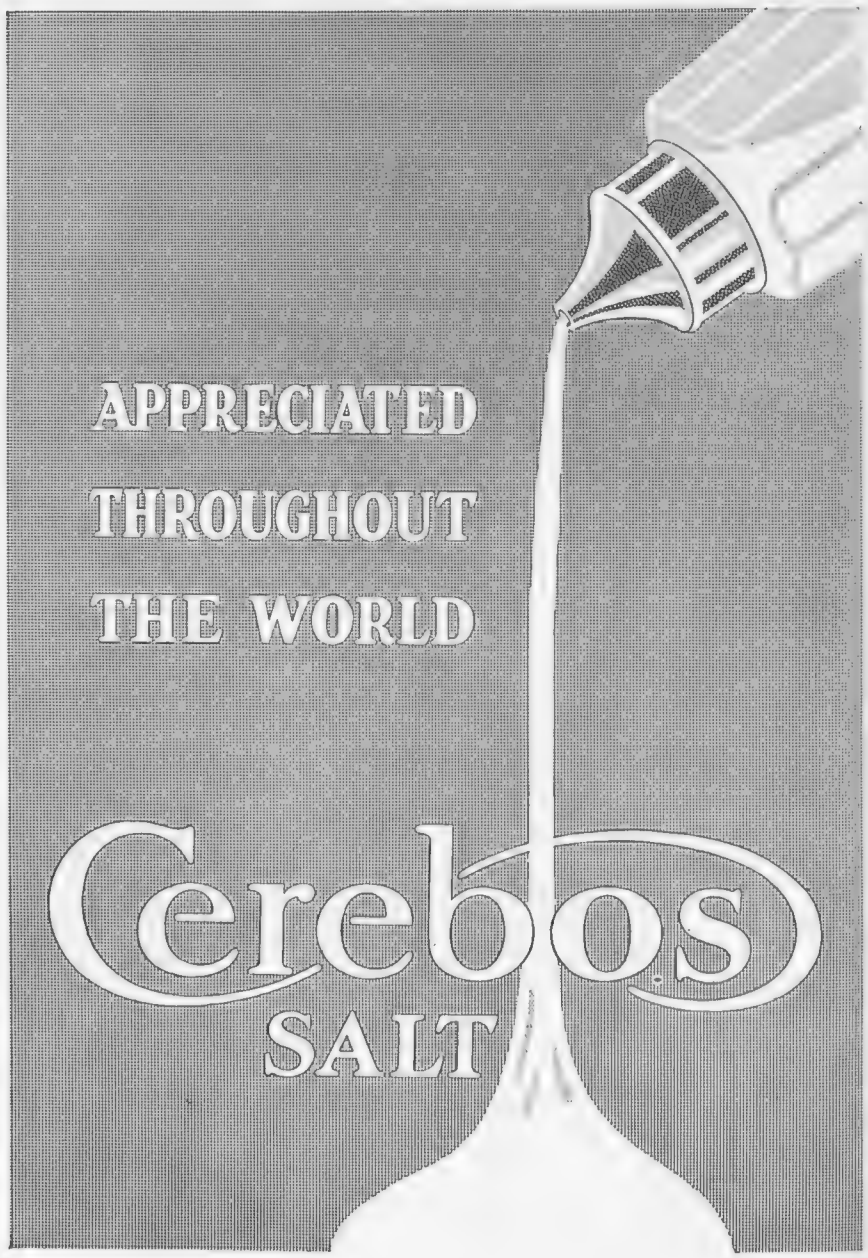

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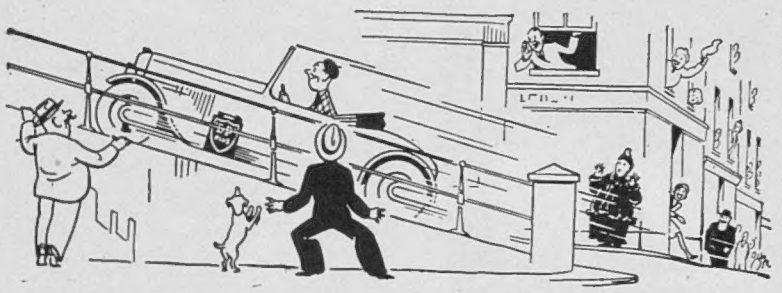

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NOTES and NEWS

BOLLINGER

The London Season has again opened quietly, but there seems to be a good deal of informal entertaining in the shape of small parties in the popular restaurants throughout the West End. For a long time Bollinger's "Special Cuvée" has been most popular at social and sporting functions of every kind, and it is on point of merit that it continues to hold its place with its rivals. The connoisseur will find it satisfies the most fastidious of tastes, whilst it has the merit—a cardinal virtue in these days of attenuated purse strings—of being extremely moderate in price. Hosts and hostesses should make a note of "Special Cuvée" when entertaining their friends this season.

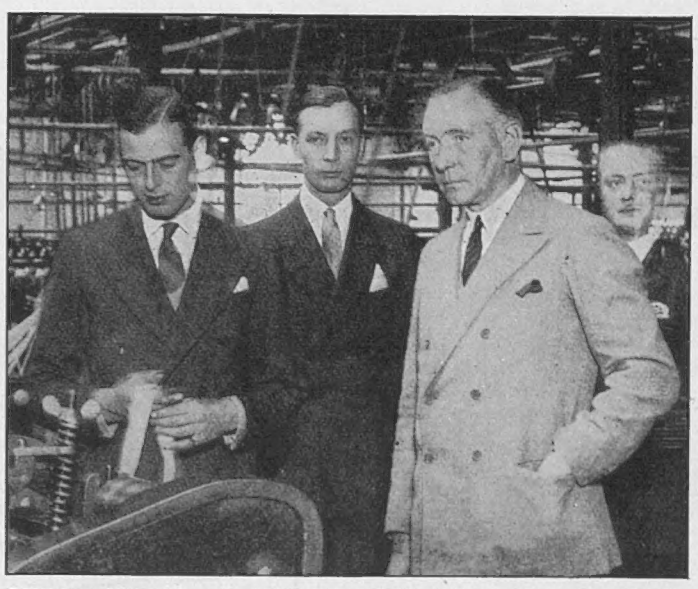
PORTABLE PERFORMANCE

Many portable owners experience a drop in the efficiency of their sets after a few months' operation. In the majority of cases the high tension battery is diagnosed as the culprit and this is frequently correct; but there comes a time when a new battery does not solve the problem, when volume and quality fall off steadily. Then it is that the valves need replacing. The non-technical listener does not as a rule question the efficiency of his valves, providing they still "light up." This belief in the everlasting excellence of even the best of valves is entirely fallacious. The life of an average valve lasts just as long as the emissive power of the filament. The signs that valves are losing emission are indistinguishable from those produced by an exhausted high tension battery: loss of signal strength, distortion, sluggish reaction. The only way to make absolutely certain that your set is giving its very best performance is to replace both high tension and valves at regular intervals; *e.g.*, the battery every three months; the valves once a year, depending on the type of receiver and the amount of use it has. When replacing valves, care should be taken to see that the replacements are the right types for the job, and considerable improvements can often be effected by putting one of the super power types designed especially for portable duties in the final stage. A valve such as the Mazda P220A will frequently effect amazing improvements in both quality and volume. The importance, however, of the high tension battery cannot be ignored, and careful consideration should be given to the question of which battery to buy. There are many excellent British batteries from which to choose. Long life is of less importance than the service which the battery can give during that life, and in this connection some of the "new process" batteries on the market (the new Ediswan for example) put up really excellent performances. The use of this type of battery is recommended.

ERRATA

In a paragraph which appeared in THE SPHERE of May 23 on p. 372, devoted to the notable record created by Firestone Tyre Co.—they manufactured their millionth tyre after being in production for only 2½ years—the adjective "gum-tipped" appeared, by a printer's error, in lieu of "gum-dipped." Gum-dipping is the famous Firestone process, whereby every fibre of every cord in the carcase of the tyre is thoroughly saturated and insulated with pure rubber, thus reducing internal heat to the minimum and greatly lengthening the flexing life of the tyre.

In an inscription to a picture showing Mrs. Baldwin visiting the Sorbo Rubber Sponge Exhibition at Bush House, reference was made to a nursery carpet with Noah's Ark and animals "in lead." This should have read "inlaid."



PRINCE GEORGE AT LISTER'S MILLS AT BRADFORD: H.R.H. inspects the machinery at the largest mills in the world devoted to velvet manufacture, where special mechanism produces Pelt-o-live fabric furs which, being rain-resisting, are sure to prove popular in the forthcoming winter

PRINCE GEORGE AT BRADFORD

The recent visit of the youngest of the Princes to Lister's of Bradford, lends the particular speciality for which this firm is famous an additional interest. Pelt-o-live fabric furs cannot get rain-marked. After exposure to British weather, a garment needs only shaking and drying and the fibre "Tension" is retained, the beauty of the garment's appearance being undiminished. It is not a water-proof, because, though the fabric resists moisture, it remains porous and hygienic, and "sheds water like an otter." Pelt-o-live fabric furs have all the *chic* of ordinary furs and have several points to recommend them; they are impervious to rain, no cruelty to animals is incurred in their manufacture, and their price is remarkably low.

A SPEED BALL

Two successive days in mid-June—June 9 and June 10—are being celebrated at the Dorchester Hotel. The first date is the occasion of a "Speed Ball" in aid of the Air League Scholarship and Education Fund and the R.A.F. Memorial Fund. This function is under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of York, and the presidency of the Duke of Sutherland; the vice-chairman is Sir Malcolm Campbell. The cabaret has been arranged by Mr. Leslie Henson. On the following evening the Westminster Ball is to be held under the patronage of the Prince of Wales. The Duchess of Sutherland is acting as hostess; Lady Diana Duff Cooper as chairman. There will be a Cotillon arranged by Miss Olga Lynn for which favours and presents have been given by many famous firms. The purpose of the ball is to help in the acquisition of the Pulford Street site on which homes for workers in Westminster are to be erected. Tickets for both functions (inclusive of buffet and champagne supper) are £2 2s.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The eighty-eighth annual meeting of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship will be held at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.1, on Thursday afternoon, June 11, at three o'clock. H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, G.B.E., will present the prizes sent by H.M. the Queen. The children will give musical selections, rhythmic dances, and a gymnastic display. Tickets for a few reserved seats, 2s. 6d. each, may be obtained from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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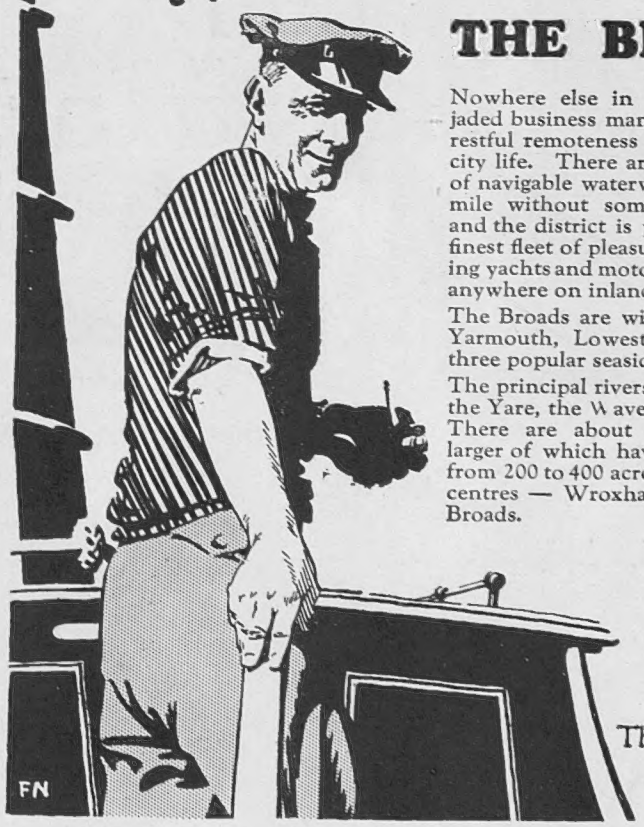

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